Week ending June 21 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

SHOT DOWN AS I TRY TO FREE MUSSOLINI

by Otto Skorzeny—"The most dangerous man in Europe"

The great HAMMOND INNES novel, "CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM"

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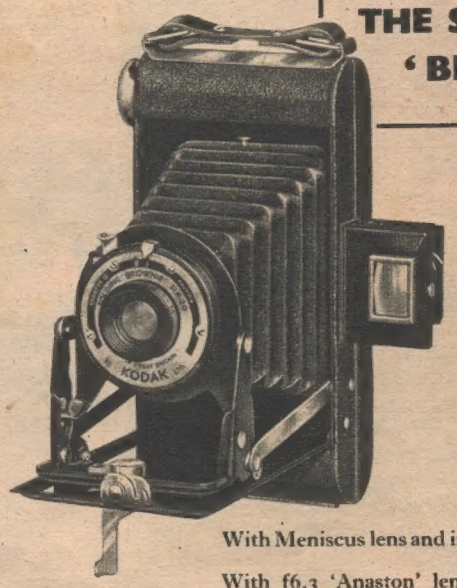

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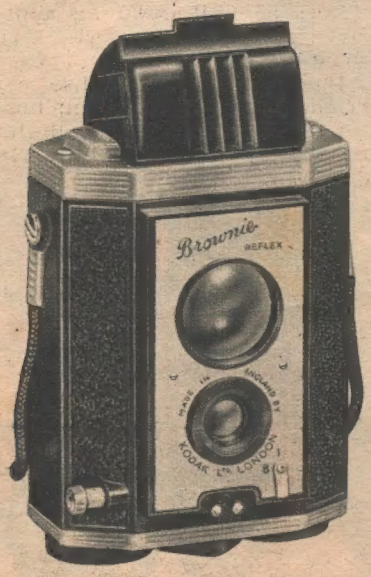

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Fair shares for girls!

AFTER THIRTY YEARS of polite talk but no action, equal pay for women is on its way at last.

In a recent Commons debate, Miss Alice Bacon, M.P., made these telling remarks:

"One day I was a teacher. Next day I became a Member of Parliament. In both cases I held the same responsible position as my men colleagues. As a teacher I was paid four-fifths of the men's rate. But as an M.P. I have received equal pay with the men.

"In neither job did I do less or carry less responsibility than the men with whom I worked. . . ."

Then the House of Commons, without opposition, passed a resolution instructing the Government to name "an early and definite date" when equal pay in the public services will be started.

BY public services is meant the Civil Service, teaching and local government. But everyone knows that, once the Government has taken the plunge, equal pay will rapidly spread in private industry and trade as well.

Indeed, that fact has been one argument used by successive Chancellors. "The country couldn't possibly afford it!" they have said, while handing out large sums to what most women feel are less deserving causes.

PARLIAMENT first formally approved the principle of equal pay for women in 1920.

Meanwhile, the evils associated with unequal pay have gone on. Women's cheaper labour has undercut men's rates, women themselves have suffered hardship, and a nagging sense of injustice has kept millions from throwing themselves wholeheartedly into jobs where they were badly needed.

Recently the higher cost of living and the feeling that women who could serve beside men in war deserve equality with them in peace have combined to bring the long campaign to a climax.

Now the Government is pledged to "examine all the possibilities" and to take some action during the lifetime of this Parliament, which may last until 1956.

It may decide to compromise, on the excuse of economic difficulties, and bring in equal pay by degrees.

ONE way to do this would be to make women's increases of pay equal to men's, and level off gradually. By this system it would take about eighteen years to achieve full all-round equal pay.

But that may prove too slow for Parliament and the public conscience. If so, some other scheme must be devised.

We want to be sure, of course, that what we are talking about is *equal pay* for *equal work*. There are jobs where women just can't compete with men. And it is the *minimum wage* in each industry that matters. The girls must get a fair start and then be allowed to proceed on merit.

THE principal prejudice against equal pay is no longer valid—the belief that a married man with children is somehow entitled to more wages than a spinster even if they do exactly the same work.

For today the father of a family is greatly helped—compared with the spinster—by the social services and by tax differences. He also enjoys that precious thing, priority in housing at economical rents.

But the comparison of fathers with spinsters is in any case not a fair one. Spinsters should be compared with bachelors—and so far nobody has suggested that a man should work for lower rates before marriage.

FINALLY, it just isn't possible to call equal pay a risky experiment. It already works quite smoothly in most of the professions, among the B.B.C.'s 11,600 employees, and in the bus services.

The last dam against equal pay is now the resistance of the permanent officials of the Treasury. Their job is to hold on tight to public money. But there are occasions when, in the public interest, their grip should be loosened. This is one of those times.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

READERS who recently complained that kite-flying is dying out in Britain have a champion in artist Richard O. Rose, a keen kite-flyer in his boyhood days. The sport is centuries old, especially out East. There kites are made like huge dragons, birds and fishes. Some Asiatics fly kites with reeds attached which send out weird, plaintive music, and are flown over their homes at night to ward off evil spirits.

The man who loved dogs...

BOB MARTIN'S—it's a household name today!

How did it start?

The story begins with one man, a man who loved dogs.

The late Robert William Martin spent a lifetime in the study and care of dogs. He knew that show-dogs had to be fit to win. Thus was formulated what he was later to term a "condition powder," which brought dogs into perfect condition and *kept them there.*

Breeders used this preparation with such success that early in this century it was decided to make the preparation available to the public. Today, from the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport, Condition Powder Tablets are sent to nearly every part of the globe.

Why do more than a million dogs in Great Britain have their Bob Martin's regularly? Why should your dog need conditioning?

Well, for one thing, it is almost impossible for you to give him an ideal diet these days. And he has only the exercise you can give him, which may not always be enough. For these reasons, the average dog is not thoroughly fit. That is why you so often see such symptoms as listlessness, loss of appetite, excessive scratching and poor coat. They're all signs of loss of condition—well known to the experienced dog-owner.

What's in Bob Martin's?

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain vitamins of the B Group, vitamin D and calcium, iron and other minerals. These vitamins and minerals are vitally necessary for doggy good health and they are the ones your dog often doesn't get in his food. By improving his appetite and making sure he gets the full nourishment from his food, and by toning-up the dog's whole system, they provide a *natural* safeguard against loss of condition.

Remember, dogs can't talk. They need your help when they're not feeling well—but they can't ask for it. You wouldn't deliberately ill-treat your dog, but do you give him all the care and understanding his love and loyalty deserve?

Now the hot weather's coming, look for the danger signs given below

If hot days make your dog listless, moody or lacking in energy; if he leaves his dinner half finished or eats it without enthusiasm; if his coat, after its change in spring, looks lifeless, dull and thin, or if he scratches a great deal; *then he's out of condition.* These are danger signs you should recognise. Deal with this loss of condition at once, before it seriously affects his health. Give Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets *regularly.*

When you see the difference this simple treatment makes, then ask yourself:

Is my dog brim full of energy, bursting with high spirits?

Does he wolf down his dinner and leave the plate as clean as a whistle?

Has he a thick dense coat, bright eyes and a cold damp nose?

If you can say "Yes" to all three then you know he's in perfect condition. . .

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FREE SPEECH

The case for a honeymoon hotel

NOTHING COULD DISPEL the joy I felt at being one of this year's June brides. But the hotel in which we spent our honeymoon was enough to damp anyone's happiness.

We were shuffled into a sombre room and tartly told to be down to breakfast by nine or we should not get any. At dinner, a hearty bore attached himself to us and ruined what should have been a meal to remember. I could not help thinking that there should be special honeymoon hotels, in which newly-weds could make a more blissful start to their lives together.—MRS. J. A. K., London, N.W.4.

Escaped The Gestapo

I WAS IN GAVI PRISON when Brigadier Clifton was shot at while escaping over the roofs, as he described in his graphic escape story, *The Happy Hunted*. After my own escape from a hospital at Bolzano (mentioned in the Brigadier's story) I was recaptured but subsequently made other escapes in Bohemia, Moravia and Germany, and was imprisoned in the Gestapo jail in Prague and nearly executed, before I finally got away.—ALISDAIR CRAM, P.O. Box 41, Nairobi, Kenya.

. . . When the Brigadier was on the roof of Camp 5, every prisoner sat up with a jerk when the shots rang out. Fourteen Italian officers and n.c.o.s escorted him after his recapture. They all filed past the door of my cell (a converted latrine), the Brigadier with a broad grin on his face. As he passed, he called out: "No luck, Padre. I only got a few yards." He was deservedly the most popular man in the camp.—REV. SAMUEL DAY (ex-R.A., Ch.D., chaplain of Camp 5), The Rectory, Chinnor, Oxford.

This week's instalment of "The Happy Hunted" begins on page 19.

Tips For Hitch-hikers

AS A LONG-DISTANCE lorry driver, I should like to give some tips to people who will be hitch-hiking during their holidays. Never hail a driver when he is climbing; he won't want to stop. When he does stop, don't take it for granted that you will get a lift, but once you are invited, get straight in. Look round the cab to see that you are not standing or sitting on any of the driver's belongings. Don't put your feet up on the dashboard, don't wind the windows down unless the driver gives you permission, and don't strike matches on the glass—my lorry still carries two long scratches from this. When you get out, don't slam the door. The glass breaks very easily. —G. R. C., Stockton-on-Tees.

Not Troubled In Paradise

HAVING SPENT FIVE YEARS in the Seychelles Islands, I disagree with your correspondent who wrote of "Trouble In Paradise" ("Free Speech," May 31), complaining of the insects found in the tropics. I have encountered all kinds of insects, including tarantula spiders, scorpions and cockroaches, but have never found them so destructive. I have wonderful memories of the tropics and, although I like England, I shall always want to go back.—L. WILSON, 34 Acton Road, Whitstable, Kent.

Melba's Human Side

MY MOTHER WAS HOUSEKEEPER to Dame Nellie Melba for many years, and I was very interested in Norman Phillips's references to Melba in his article, "Mr. Russell's Stormy Cavalcade of Fame" (JOHN BULL, May 17). The article stressed Melba's temperamental side. This is not peculiar to Dame Nellie, but is the inheritance of all great artists. Melba performed many acts of great human kindness. On one occasion she invited my mother and another of her employees to travel with her to hear her sing. On the way home, she told them that she had been thinking of them during her concert and had chosen her encore, "Home, Sweet Home," especially for them. Such gestures outweighed small temperamental difficulties. — DANIEL S. GOURLAY, 50 Great Junction Street, Leith, Edinburgh.

Lion That Pulls A Cart

WHILE TRAVELLING with my husband in Kenya, we stayed the night at an isolated farmstead. Imagine our surprise when the German farmer introduced us to his pet beast of burden—a

lion, of which I enclose a photograph. He told us that it had been deserted by its parents when young and he took care of it and raised it on a vegetarian diet. It was used for hauling light loads around the farm.—MRS. J. B., London, S.W.12.

Hurrying The Funeral

PERHAPS, AS A MINISTER with ten years' experience, I can explain to your correspondent who complained ("Free Speech," May 31) of the feeling of haste at funerals. I have experienced it often, and deplore it. Usually, the undertaker is to blame. He arranges as many as four interments in one afternoon, at hourly intervals, and sometimes brings pressure to bear on the minister to hurry. I always resist this. The position at cremation services is far worse. Fifteen minutes is allowed for the seating of mourners, the service and the departure of everyone. Four services an hour are quite standard practice. How can a sense of haste be avoided? — W. P. M., Scotland.

. . . The reader was wrong in complaining because the clergyman was intoning prayers while the mourners were taking their seats. Certain prayers are appointed to be intoned by the clergy while the coffin is borne to the bier or to the grave.—COLIN C. BEESON, Tanglewood, 25 Addington Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.

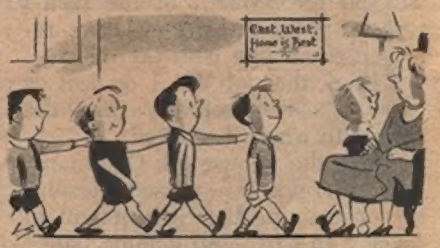
Two Views Of Brussels

THE GIRL WHO WANTS to go abroad alone ("Free Speech," May 31) seems to have an entirely wrong attitude when she affirms that so long as one can speak the language Brussels is as safe as Brighton. I do not know how safe Brighton now is for a young and possibly attractive girl, but having lived in Brussels for nearly twenty years, I do know that people there have a very high standard of behaviour and I have been shocked and humiliated to see how poorly ours compares with theirs. British visitors should cultivate a very different attitude before going there.—MRS. D. E. B., Dumfriesshire.

. . . Brussels is as safe as Brighton if she can tolerate being pinched by men whenever she boards a tram or stops to look in a shop window; and doesn't mind men knocking at her door before she is up in the morning. I enjoyed staying there, except for these indignities.—MRS. A. F. D., Lancs.

The Fixed Stare Age

CHILDREN SEEM TO BE much less bashful now than they were when I was a child. I would never have dreamed of walking into anyone's house unless I had been asked. But I noticed that



when my son, aged nine, walked right through the house to collect his cricket bat, he was followed by an unabashed single file of four of his friends. My "please wait outside" fell on deaf ears, except to produce four fixed stares. — MRS. D. MACDONALD, 37 Grasmere Road, Harlescott, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Too Much Tidying?

SOMETIMES I WONDER if I am too tidy. My teenage children like to drop whatever they are using as soon as they have finished with it, leaving it wherever they happen to be. I spend a lot of time picking up these scattered articles and putting them away and I know they think I am old-fashioned and fussy. Is it a mistake to be too tidy?—MRS. F. G. JONES, 49 Devon Road, Watford, Herts.

Saint Caught Napping

EDWARD POWER'S ARTICLE on Irish folklore (JOHN BULL, May 10) interested me particularly because of his reference to Columcille. My Irish grandmother often spoke of "Columcille's curse" which descended upon anyone who put on a stocking and then a shoe before donning the second stocking. Until now I have never met anyone who had heard of Saint Columcille or his curse and I should like to know the origin of this superstition.—MRS. MARGARET DEBNEY, 432 Bromford Lane, Ward End, Birmingham.

According to the story common in Donegal, Columcille was putting on his shoes and stockings when news reached him of the approach of his enemies. He had on one stocking and one shoe and had to flee with one foot fully clad and the other bare. The saint is said to have been so furious at his predicament that he cursed any man who followed his example.

Where The Tea Goes

YOUR EDITORIAL ON TEA (JOHN BULL, May 24) was very cheering. The only thing that has prevented a higher domestic ration before this is the liberality with which tea is handed out to canteens, caterers and offices. I have yet to work in an office where I have not had the opportunity of acquiring occasional packets which were surplus. And a friend who handles supplies for a canteen told me that a Food Ministry inspector suggested to him that the cups he used could be counted as double cups. He therefore doubled his application—and got it. — F. S., Nottingham.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Have you their energy?

Nature has seen to it that children love the energy foods their way of life requires (that's why they adore Weetabix with its malt-enriched whole-wheat). But what about you? Can you bustle and rush the morning long on a cup of tea and no proper breakfast? If you're wise you'll change to Weetabix yourself. Delicious with milk — or the real breakfast "tang" with marmalade! Easy to serve — ready to eat, it's the best value in breakfast cereals.

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A MAN MUST MARRY

The farm couldn't do without Ted, and he couldn't do without Joan. If staying on meant losing her, then he would have to leave *by DUDLEY HOYS*

WHEN I CAME DOWN FROM Mart Fell with young Ted Hollin and 300 of the Branthwaite ewes, he struck me as looking worried. He was not a worrying sort of chap, and I wondered at it. Then, just above the intake, we met his father, John Hollin, and he had the same anxious, withdrawn expression. I began to think something must be wrong at Branthwaite.

In the old man, of course, worry was not so surprising. It might have been his rheumatism, the curse of the Lakeland dampness; or it might just have been the regular worry of a man saddled with Branthwaite.

Despite the sheep subsidy, guaranteed prices, and whatnot, there are still some hill farms that can never really prosper. Branthwaite is one of them. To start with, the house and its forty enclosed acres perch on the wrong side of the dale. Mart Fell, to the south, rises immediately behind it, and for three months of the year, from mid-November to mid-February, the place is in shadow.

Many a time, at the high noon of a sunny winter's day, have I glanced across and compared the glistening whiteness of their unthawed frost with the comparative warmth of our greenery. Then, their fields are sparse, a few inches of soil above the solid rock, and the earth itself full of boulders and innumerable stones. Take them away and you not only disturb the drainage, but you lose the earth. Without them to hold it in position, it gets washed down into the Ire below.

Branthwaite is just about a one-man farm and could never afford a hired hand in these days of high wages. I often wondered what pay Ted got from his father. Small as it might be, he managed to keep a motor bike, and ran down to Lancaster on occasion to stay a night with his sister, who had married the owner of a garage.

We spread the ewes among a couple of the intakes, left the dogs squatting on the walls to watch and went into Branthwaite for our dinner. Ted happened to yawn, and I said jokingly: "Had a night out?"

"Travelled up from Lancaster first thing this morning. I spent the evening there."

Over the meal, Mrs. Hollin was the only one who talked much. Short, square, with a pink, homely face and gentle blue eyes, she doted on that son of hers. It was understandable. He had his father's slim, graceful figure, heavy brows, shapely mouth and dark hair—though John's had turned grey. A thoroughly decent lad, Ted, and seeming a deal younger than twenty-six.

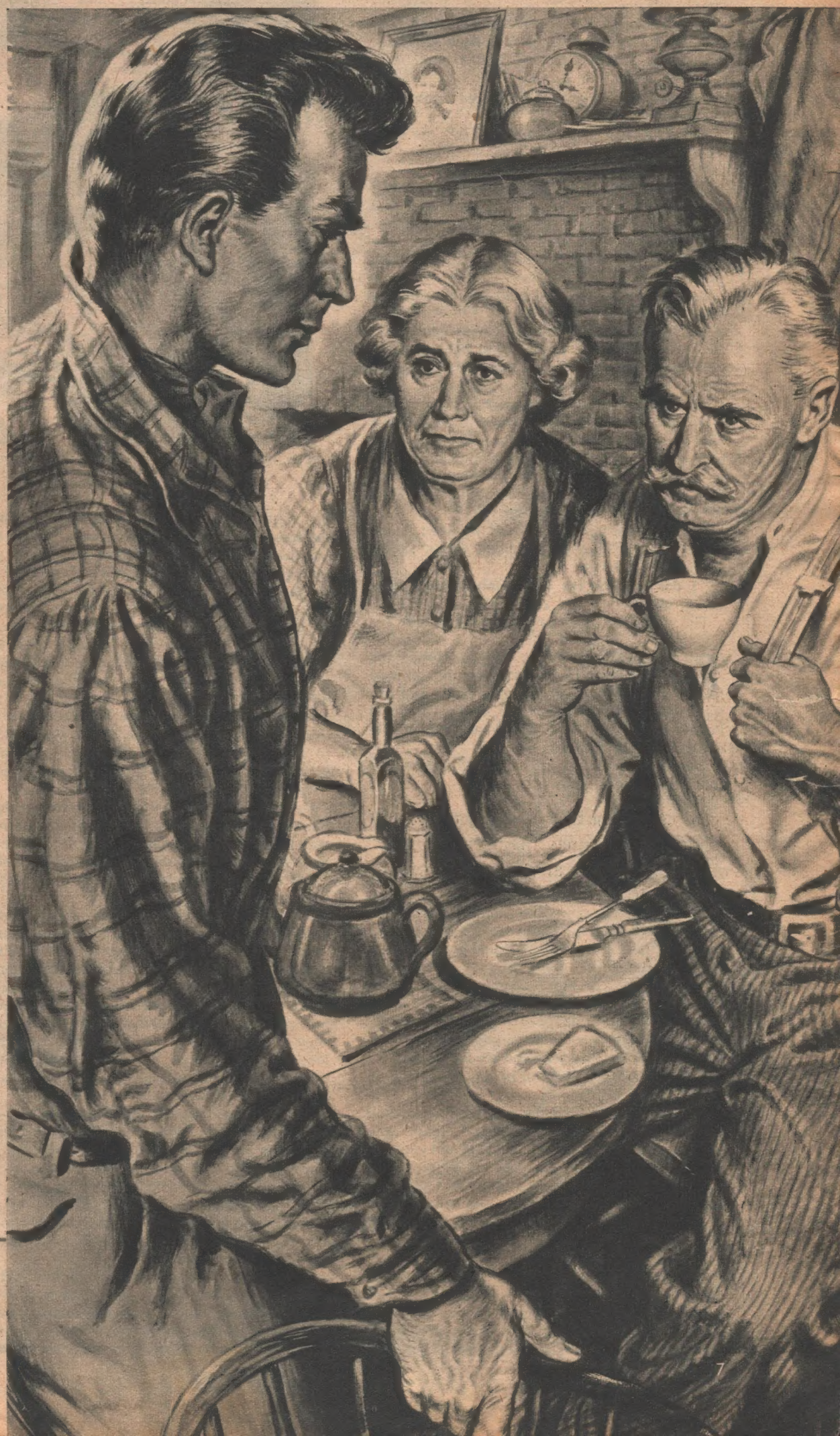
I caught myself wishing that these three could be blessed by a better farm. They deserved it. Not that John Hollin would have thanked me for the thought. He had been born here, and so had his father and grandfather. To him, Branthwaite, with all its faults, was well-nigh sacred.

After the meal, we went out to dip. It was hard work. I noticed that John and Ted scarcely said a word to one another.

At five I had to leave, to get back to

Mrs. Hollin looked at her son, her eyes full of anxious sympathy. She forced herself to speak. "Have you thought it all out, Ted?" she asked

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS



my own place across the dale. I walked down the stony farm road to the gate. Close by it crouched the squat little building known as Birkhow. Once upon a time, in the years of plentiful labour and wages at a pound a month, it had been a shepherd's cottage. Now and for long since the Hollins had used it as a spare barn. John Hollin could no more afford a shepherd than a Rolls-Royce. Likely he and Ted were seriously concerned about money matters.

My guess was right—so far as it went. But I didn't know the whole truth. I heard that weeks later.

That evening, after they had tidied up and eaten their supper, John pushed back his chair, glanced at Ted in a sombre fashion and said: "You must tell your mother."

Ted nodded. Mrs. Hollin glanced at the pair of them.

"There's been something all day," she said. "I could tell. What is it?"

"It's Joan," said Ted.

"Well?" She smiled for a moment. He had met Joan Standish down at Lancaster, and told them a lot about her. He was in love with the girl. No doubt about that. "Well," she repeated, "and when are we going to meet her, Ted?"

He said: "Last night I told her I wanted to marry her."

Her blue eyes were full of anxious sympathy. He was staring at the floor, and at the end of the table his father was sitting bleak and expressionless.

She said gently: "Did she say no?"

He raised his head and looked at her with a kind of wincing frankness. "She said we couldn't be married on what I get. She said, in any event, to be stuck in the middle of nowhere was more than she could face. I told Elsie and Dick. Dick offered me a job at the garage."

Mrs. Hollin's lips moved, and no words came out of them. Then her husband spoke, slowly and a little hoarsely.

"I don't blame the lad. Only—only—'tis a shock, like."

Ted whispered: "I—I nearly said I wouldn't."

THERE was a long silence. To Mrs. Hollin, the news was akin to physical torture, because she grasped the full meaning of it, and she was racked between loyalty to her husband and loyalty to her son. If Ted went, John could never carry on the farm alone.

She forced herself to speak at last. "Have you thought it all out, Ted?"

"Ay."

His mother began to clear away. Her hands trembled slightly as she carried the plates to the sink.

John said: "We can't stand in the lad's way."

His wife glanced across at him. He was trying to smile, and his eyes were those of a wounded man. She turned to Ted. Once again he was staring at the kitchen flags, a dumb groping about his expression.

She said: "Ask her to come up here. She might like it better than she thinks. It's a big house, and there's plenty of room for four of us. Maybe your father could find a pound or two more for you. Ask her to come and see for herself."

"Yes," he said, trying to be hopeful. "I'll do that."

He went out to ring her up right away, and came back excited and smiling. Joan, who worked in an estate agent's office, would come on the Whitsun weekend; she was free from midday Thursday. She would come up by train, and he would meet her at the station and bring her up the ten odd miles to Branthwaite on the back of his motor bike.

"I'll prepare best bedroom," said Mrs. Hollin.

It was spotless already, but she went over it again and again, dusting and scrubbing and polishing. Out of a drawer she took the patchwork quilt with which she had won a prize at the women's institute, and spread it over the bed. On the Wednesday before the weekend she hunted the banks of the Ire for primroses. It was late for them, but she found a few clumps and arranged them in bowls about the bedroom. So far the week's weather had been kindly, mostly blue sky and sun. She prayed that night for it to hold. It made such a difference. Ay, it made such a difference. In greyness these fells could look so dreary and forbidding to townsfolk.

When she woke up next morning, rain was drizzling quietly. The cloud had come low and even the fell-breast opposite lay hidden behind thin, sepia smeariness. The world was confined to a narrow area of grey stone and grey-green fields and sodden, grazing sheep. Iredale was at its worst.

Ted met Joan at the station at four o'clock. She was tall, almost as tall as himself, slender, with steady grey eyes and a firm chin, and at the sight of her his face almost shone with worship.

"It's a poor sort of day," he said apologetically, "but maybe it will fair up."

He strapped her bag across his shoulders, and with her sitting on the back of the bike, began to chug up through the obscurity of the dale. There was little to see, except the dim suggestion of height behind the cloud and the damp, stony fields. He did his ardent but rather inarticulate best to describe the masked scenery. Presently they turned off from the road down a narrow lane, pink with the hematite in the ground, crossed a tiny, hump-backed bridge over the Ire and came to the house.

Five minutes later she was being introduced to his parents. Mrs. Hollin took her by the hand, and knew in the instant that she liked the girl. She was calm and natural, with no fuss and no pretence. But she had a mind of her own. You could tell that. As for John Hollin, his unfavourable pre-judgment of her crumbled away. His nervous, slightly hostile smile changed to a broad grin of welcome.

As a special occasion, Mrs. Hollin had laid the tea in the dining-room. That laden table set Joan's lip trembling. There was something touching about that immense spread. There were drop scones and brown scones and white scones thick with pale farmhouse butter, and several varieties of jam, and half a dozen plates of cakes. Ted glanced at the table and back at her like a dog waiting to be patted.

She said: "I haven't seen so much lovely food for years."

Afterwards, Ted took her out to show her the farm.

Watching them go, John Hollin sighed. "She's a fine lass. No wonder he's crazy about her." He sighed again. "But if she doesn't care to live here——"

"He's young, John. His life's in front of him, and he's entitled to put her first."

"I'm not saying he isn't. But if he does——" He drew in his breath with a sharp sound, and voiced the thoughts that had been nagging at him these last days. Even if he could afford a hired man it would be little use. With his frequent bouts of rheumatism, he couldn't keep a constant eye on him. Likely it would mean losing more money. And if they sold Branthwaite, it would fetch less than two thousand. They couldn't live on that.

"Maybe," he said, with a twisted smile, "I'll have to end up as a hired man myself."

"John!"

He nodded heavily. "We must face facts, Dinah."

OUT in the byre, Ted was showing Joan the few cows, and explaining what a difference it would make if they could run an attested herd and supply their milk to the Marketing Board. But that was impossible. Despite all the lime put on them, the Branthwaite fields would never support dairy farming. As it was, they found it a hard struggle to keep their beasts through the winter, with hay and cattle-cake and the like at such a terrible price.

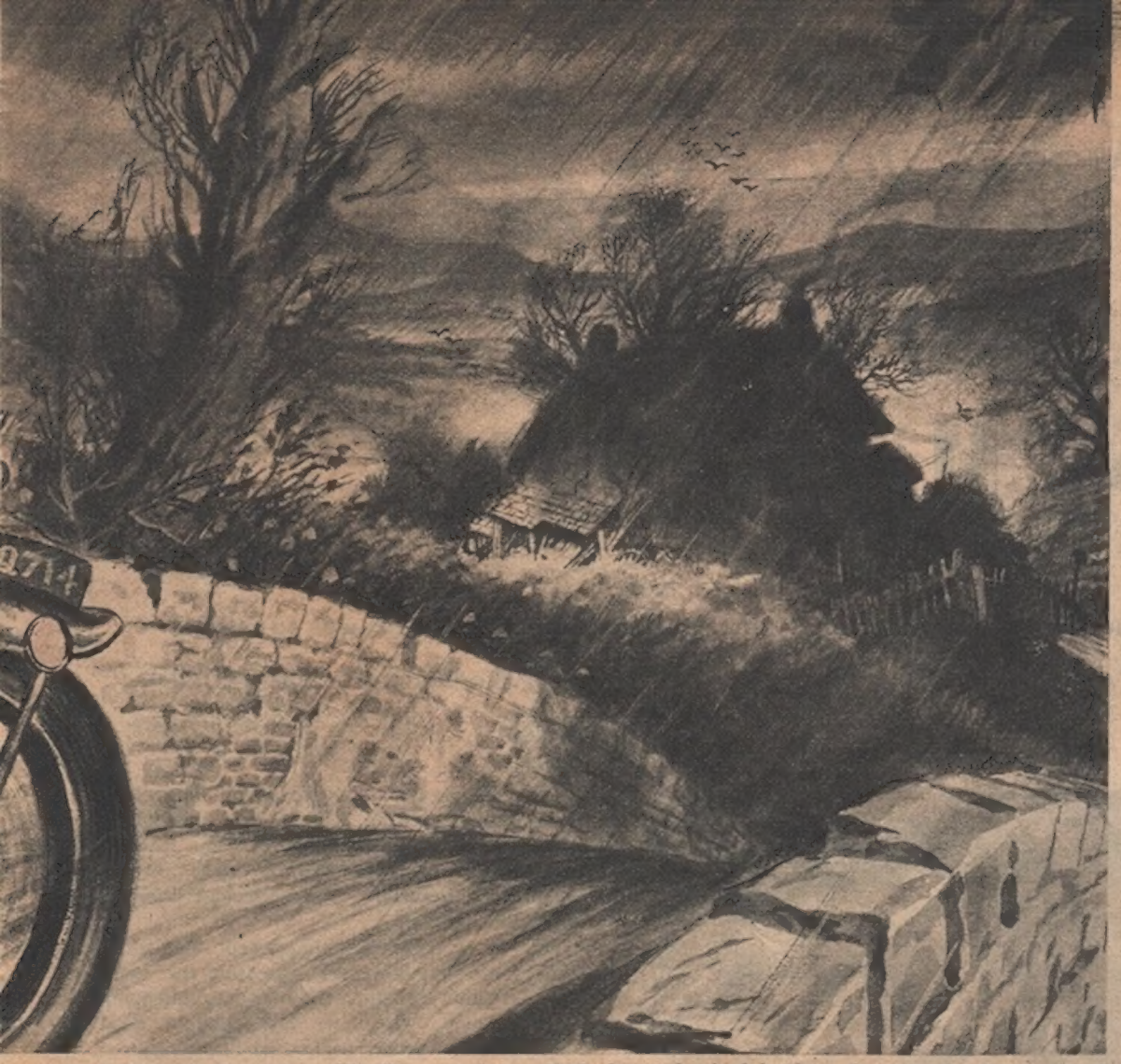
Suddenly he jerked his head. From a field somewhere beyond came a blaring.

He said: "Reckon that might be a ewe lambed before her time. I must go across."

"I'll come with you."

They hurried through a gateway and over wet grass. Sheep scuttled from their path. On the

The day for Joan's visit could not have been worse. From the back of Ted's motor bike, she



peered through the rain. Finally, crossing a little hump-backed bridge, she saw the farm ahead

far side of the field they found a ewe snuffling at something small and dark and limp. It was her lamb, scarcely an hour old, and she must have strayed from it for a few seconds, because a crow had been down and pecked out the lamb's right eye.

Joan turned her head away. Ted said savagely: "Filthy devils, these crows!" He picked up the tiny body. There was still a spark of life in it. "You'd best leave me awhile, dear," he said. "I'll have to put this out of its pain."

Presently he found her, leaning with her elbows on a gate. Her expression was deedy. He slid his arm around her shoulders. "Well?"

She said: "I think you have to be born to farming."

His voice was pleading. "Don't say that. I tell you, this is a grand spot in fine weather, with the fells standing up tall and splendid, and the dale fields green as emeralds. You'd love it."

"I know I would, for a time. After that—I've got to be honest with myself, Ted. I'm not the country type. It's no use pretending I am. I like plenty of people, and bustle. I like running things. At the office I do quite a bit of the senior partner's work. It's all so utterly different from—this."

He said jerkily: "Ay. It would be. And if it comes to the point, I'll chuck Branthwaite."

Knowing what that implied, she said: "You're making me feel abominable. Now, listen. I haven't finally decided. Tonight I'll think and think."

The next morning the grey skies and drizzle persisted. From her bedroom window she saw Ted go out to milk the cows. She watched him with acute misery. She had made up her mind, steeling herself against the temptation of false sentiment and the emotional tricks of sympathy. She had got to tell him she could never live at Branthwaite. That was going to hurt three people, and there was no way of avoiding it.

That afternoon they went for a stroll farther up the dale road. They passed a few people who had come up fell-walking for the weekend. But in the main, it was a hushed, empty land.

Without any preamble she said: "I've been thinking myself dizzy. But I've got the answer."

Her tone told him the truth. He said huskily: "You couldn't put up with this?"

"No. I couldn't. I hate myself for it. But I am what I am, and there it is."

"Will you marry me if I take that job in Lancaster?"

"Yes."

"Then that's settled," he said, and his voice should have sounded exultant, and yet his shoulders were drooping, and he walked on for a full minute in silence.

She broke it by saying: "I belong to the market place, Ted. There isn't a doubt about it. I suppose if I had a farmhouse of my own to run I might adapt myself. I'd be always on the go, putting my own ideas into effect, too busy to notice the loneliness. But living at Branthwaite simply as the daughter-in-law——. Oh, Ted, you do understand, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I'm not criticizing your mother. She's a dear, and I like her immensely. But I'd be just a help there, and no more. I'd do the chores there and I'd keep thinking to myself I was growing into a vegetable, year after year. Bad enough in sunny weather. But rain and mist—and seldom seeing anybody—and missing all the things I'm used to in Lancaster——"

He said soberly: "Ay, that's true. Our lives belong to us, and we've a right to live them as we choose. But I'm gey sorry for those two up there."

MRS. HOLLIN had tea ready when they returned. They had almost finished when there came a tap at the kitchen door. Mrs. Hollin opened it. A wet hiker was standing there, the rain gleaming on his oilskins. Some distance in the rear waited a group of half a dozen.

The hiker said: "Excuse me, is this the way to the Fox?"

"That's right. Go down to gate, cross the bridge, out to the dale road and then turn right."

"Thanks. We didn't want to go a yard more than necessary: one of our chaps is pretty lame."

Mrs. Hollin said heartily: "Lame, is he? Then a cup of tea and a rest will do him no harm. Come on in, all of you."

She gave them a big tea, and refused payment. At length they trooped away, showering her with their thanks.

"Does some footpath lead past here?" asked Joan.

"Yes, the main track over from Rowandale. There's a deal of fell walkers come that way through the season."

It struck Joan that the lively talk of those young men had been a grateful interlude in the quietness of the farm. More than ever she realized the truth of what she had told Ted, that she belonged to the market place.

In the evening, she sat alone with him in the sitting-room, and about half-past nine he moistened his lips and said: "They'll be off to bed soon. I'd best go into kitchen and tell them."

She hid her face against his shoulder. But there was nothing to say. The only thing for her was to go off to bed herself, and hope that she might sleep. She pictured John Hollin and his wife sitting by the kitchen stove and listening to the verdict. She felt she had done something vile.

She was awake half the night. But Ted slept like a log, worn out by unaccustomed emotion. He awoke early, sombrely, coming awake at once as he always did. He got up and went out and leaned on the gate, smoking a cigarette and feeling very empty inside. Ironically, it was a beautiful day. The sky with its thin, limpid blue flecked by silky scarves of pearl, the clear-cut fells, the washed, gleaming greenery of mosses and fields, the sparkle of the becks singing down into the dale—the beauty of it seemed to mock him.

Somebody was standing near the end of the farm road, close to Birkhow. To his amazement, he saw that it was Joan. He walked quickly towards her, and something in her smile made his heart leap.

She said in an excited way: "Don't say anything! Listen! I've been awake most of the night, and I had an idea."

HE looked at her curiously, and she clutched his arm, and with her free hand pointed at Birkhow, the little stone house used as a store shed.

"I've been in there. Could you find somewhere else to stow all that old stuff?"

"Ay, we might. But why?"

"It's filthy, but it's solid. We could clean it up and put it straight. Two rooms downstairs and two up. Plenty of space."

His brows shot up. "But you're not thinking of——"

"Don't you talk. Listen. That path down there by the river—is it used much?"

"Of course. It's a favourite walk with the summer visitors staying round about."

She gave a little, triumphant laugh. "So that's another source of income, besides the track."

He gaped in bewilderment. She said: "Can't you see? Can't you see? Teas—ten, twenty, thirty a day. Two shillings a time. Your mother makes glorious cakes. I'd do all the rest, the waiting and the running of the show. We'd make a name for ourselves among walkers. And you and I would live there, a house of our own—my house, run by me."

He stared at her, quite unable to speak. She said: "You could go on working on the farm, while I made a fuss of all the tea visitors and took a clear shilling profit off every single one. Six or seven pounds a week through the season. A job to get my teeth into!"

"By gum!"

"Make a little garden in front, full of showy flowers. Something to attract the eye. And a neat sign down by the bridge, with an arrow pointing this way." She squeezed the air with her hands. "Oh, Ted! I want to start on things this very minute."

He let out a sudden whoop, grabbed her by the wrist and rushed her back to the house.

"Father!" he yelled. "Mother! Wake up and listen, or I'll bust!"

THE END

MY SECRET MISSION FOR HITLER – by OTTO SKORZENY

Shot down as I try to free Mussolini

On a Mediterranean island, the Duce was held prisoner by the Italians. Skorzeny's job was to rescue him. Here, in the second of his articles, he tells the dramatic story of the attempt that failed

IN AUGUST, 1943, I FLEW into Santa Maddalena, the Italian naval fortress on the north-west tip of Sardinia, and immediately ordered a German mine-sweeper to take me for a sail through the port and along the coast. For the first time since Mussolini had been arrested by the new Italian Government and I had been ordered by the Führer to organize his rescue, I had a definite clue to work on: a German naval officer, Commander Hunaus, who had been engaged on liaison work with the Italians, had reported that a "prisoner of note" was detained in the Villa Weber, which lay on the outskirts of Santa Maddalena.

Sheltered by a convenient sail, I was able to take a few photographs of the harbour works and—though from afar—of the villa itself. Then I set out to discover exactly who the "prisoner of note" was. To accomplish this, I called upon one of the officers of my own S.S. unit, Lieutenant Warger.

My scheme was based on the Italian passion for betting. That evening, Warger, disguised as a German sailor, was to make a round of the bars and keep his ears open. If he heard Mussolini mentioned, he was to announce that he had it from reliable sources that the Duce had died of a serious illness. This statement would no doubt draw protests, and Warger would have the opportunity to suggest a wager. In order to make his attitude more plausible, Warger was to pretend he was slightly drunk.

First Glimpse Of Duce

The scheme succeeded perfectly. A fruit pedlar who carried his wares to the Villa Weber every morning accepted the bet. He took Warger to a house close to the villa, and from there pointed out the terrace on which the Duce sat. At last we had found the missing dictator.

Warger returned to this observation post, and soon knew the number of soldiers guarding the prisoner and the hours at which they were relieved. I flew back to Rome. The moment had come to evolve our plan of action.

I needed more exact information on the topography of the region, the anti-aircraft batteries, and so forth. As the maps we had were insufficient, I decided to fly over the town in order to take aerial photographs. On August 18, I left the Pratica di Mare airport in the Heinkel III which General Student had given me. We landed at Pausania to re-fuel, and I made a quick trip of thirty-five miles to Palau to meet Warger and Commander Hunaus. Everything was as before, except that the guard and security measures seemed to grow stronger daily.

Reassured, I returned to Pausania. After our reconnaissance flight, I had planned to go to Corsica to establish contact with the S.S. brigade garrisoned there, since the strategy that was beginning to take shape in my mind would certainly call for the use of sizeable detachments. Shortly after three o'clock we took off. I had ordered the pilot to climb quickly to 15,000 feet and fly over Santa Maddalena on a northerly course. I lay in the forward turret beside the gun, with my camera and a sea chart handy. I was admiring the magnificent colours of the water when the rear gunner called over the intercom: "Look out behind! British fighters!"

Otto Skorzeny: "I had hoped to reach the Duce without firing a shot"

The plane swerved and I placed my finger on the button, ready to fire. Just as I was beginning to think that the danger was past I noticed that the nose of our plane was pointing straight down at an acute angle. Turning round, I saw the pilot's contorted face as he sought vainly to straighten out the machine. A glance through the window showed me that our port motor had been hit. The plane was diving at a dizzy speed. It was too late to think of baling out. Through the earphones I heard: "Hold tight."

Instinctively I grasped the two handles of the gun as the plane struck the water. My head must have banged against something, and I lost consciousness for a moment. I felt everything breaking up around me. Then a hand seized me by the back of my tunic and pulled me upwards.

Through the centre passageway we called the two men in the rear of the plane. There was no answer. Combining our efforts, we managed to open the escape hatch in the pilot's cockpit. The water poured in. We quickly pushed the second pilot through the opening. Then I drew a deep breath and, with a vigorous kick, propelled myself to the surface. A few seconds later the first pilot appeared.

Then a strange thing happened. The entire plane, freed of our weight, rose from the water. The two pilots tore open the rear door and found the two men, whom we had thought dead, cowering in a corner, frightened but uninjured. They climbed out. The first pilot managed to unfasten the pneumatic raft. With a blow of his fist he knocked off the cork of the oxygen bottle and the raft immediately inflated.

Saved My Precious Camera

Meanwhile, I remembered that my camera and maps were still in the pilot's cockpit. I dived down through the breach in the cockpit and recovered both camera and maps, rose to the surface and put them in the raft. A few seconds later the plane reared, then slumped back under the water.

Clinging to the raft, flanked by the two pilots, I looked around me. About 300 yards ahead of us cliffs rose from the sea. The slope was steep and slippery, but we finally managed to scale it. As we reached the top, the pilot pointed to blood running down my right arm, and I found I had flesh wounds from splinters of aluminium and glass.

After about an hour's wait, we saw a steamer. I fired a red rocket and, to our great joy, the vessel turned about and sent off a lifeboat. Our saviour was an Italian flak-boat, and fortunately its captain had no idea what I had been up to. When I stretched out in a deck chair I felt a pain in my chest; but it was not until some days later that I learned I had broken three ribs.

Late that afternoon, we reached Pausania again. I immediately went to Palau to ask Commander Hanaus for a boat to take me to Corsica, where the commanding officer of the S.S. brigade was expecting me.

Meanwhile Radl, my adjutant, had remained in Rome. Not seeing me return on the evening of August 18, as we had arranged, he asked at the Parachutist Division G.H.Q. whether there was any news of my plane. They answered laconically: "Plane reported missing, crew presumably now food for the fishes." I returned to Rome on the evening of August 20, and met him on my way from the airport.

We set about organizing a plan of action; this time we were certain we had discovered the place where the Duce was interned.

Then suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, we received an order from Hitler's headquarters: "G.H.Q. has received a report from the Abwehr (Admiral Canaris) that Mussolini is imprisoned

"Clinging to the raft, flanked by the two pilots, I looked around me. About 300 yards ahead of us, the cliffs rose from the sea, steep and slippery"

on a small island near Elba. Captain Skorzeny will immediately prepare an attack by parachute troops and report as soon as he is ready to move. The Führer's G.H.Q. will then state at what date this mission shall be undertaken."

Radl and I were astounded. Admiral Canaris's agents in Italy must have remarkable sources of information. A few days before, we had received a circular marked Top Secret from the Abwehr. Addressed to all officers in command of units in Italy, it read: "The Badoglio Government has guaranteed to continue the struggle at our side, whatever circumstances may arise. The new Italian Government will play its part in the battle even more intensely than the former one."

Taken To Hitler Again

General Student tried to obtain a personal interview for us with the Führer. After some palavering, we received orders at last to proceed to Eastern Prussia. On our arrival we were told that Hitler would receive us in an hour's time.

We were ushered into the same room in which I had previously been presented to Hitler. This time all the armchairs at the round table in front of the fireplace were occupied. The Führer sat between von Ribbentrop, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Marshal Keitel. I was offered a chair on the right of General Jodl, who sat next to Keitel. To the Führer's left, next to von Ribbentrop, I could see Himmler, and Grand Admiral of the Fleet Dönitz. Between the admiral and myself sat the great width of Hermann Göring.

I explained in detail the successive stages of my investigations. Obviously my arguments in support of our theory that the Duce was interned at Santa Maddalena created a great impression on my audience. The story of Lieutenant Warger's wager and its success brought smiles to several lips. Dönitz and Göring were particularly amused. At the end I glanced at my watch and was astonished to find that I had spoken for almost half an hour.

Hitler stood up and offered me his hand.

"You have convinced me, Captain Skorzeny," he said. "You are right. I withdraw my orders to attack the island by parachute. Have you worked out a plan to rescue the Duce from this naval fortress?"

With the help of a map sketched in pencil, I then described the plan which we had conceived a few days previously. I explained that besides a flotilla of swift motor boats, I would need several minesweepers. I added that in addition to my fifty men, I would require the help of a company of volunteers, recruited from the S.S. Brigade stationed in Corsica. Furthermore, I would like to be able to rely on our anti-aircraft batteries in Corsica and northern Sardinia to cover our retreat. Our plan of a surprise attack at dawn seemed to meet with general approval. Several times, Hitler, Göring, and Jodl interrupted to ask questions. When I had finished, the Führer spoke:

"I approve your plan and I believe that, if executed with dash and without hesitation, it can be carried out. Grand Admiral Dönitz, kindly give the Navy the necessary orders. The units requested will be placed under Captain Skorzeny's command for the duration of the operation. General Jodl will attend to the rest.

"Captain Skorzeny, there is one thing more. You must at all costs free my friend Mussolini with the utmost speed, in order to prevent his delivery to the Allies. You have, therefore, no time to lose. When I give you the order to carry out your plans, Italy may still be our ally, officially. If your raid should fail, I might find myself obliged to repudiate you in the eyes of the world. I would state that you managed to turn the heads of the commanders of certain units stationed in Italy, and acted on your own initiative. For the salvation of Germany, you must be prepared to accept this." Hitler dismissed me with a friendly handshake. "You will succeed, Skorzeny," he concluded, with such assurance that I, too, was convinced.

Next day, we set off for Italy again. Commander Schulz, commodore of the squadron of motor craft which had been put at my disposal, was enthusiastic about the plan.

I Counted On Surprise

On the eve of D-day, the squadron of motor craft was to pay an official visit to Santa Maddalena, and moor off the mole below the city. The minesweepers, under command of Lieutenant Radl, were to embark the S.S. commandos in Corsica, across the strait, and anchor in front of the breakwater at Palau, opposite Santa Maddalena. The soldiers were to remain invisible, below decks. At dawn on D-day, the two flotillas would manoeuvre as though to leave their respective ports. Suddenly, the minesweepers were to land the commandos from Corsica, one part of whom would cover their comrades from any surprise coming from the city. The motor launches were to be ready to give covering fire.

I would lead the bulk of the troops in close formation towards the villa. I counted on the unexpected arrival of a unit in marching order

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Man with "The Touch": Williams and his wife (left) discuss the script of *Sweet Madness* with stars Geraldine McEwan and Richard Attenborough

Greatest gambler in show business

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Campbell Williams can make or break any play. Every first night he stakes £1,000 on his own judgment of what audiences will like

IF ATTENDANCE PRIZES ARE EVER given to London theatre first-nighters, sooner or later the award will go to a dapper man of forty-six who invariably sits in one of the first six rows of the stalls, looks at the show with an expression of extreme annoyance, and usually ends up by buying a large block of seats for all the ensuing performances. His name is Campbell Williams. His first night record stands at more than 3,000, and he continues to turn up for theatrical openings at the rate of 150 a year.

Campbell Williams is managing director of Keith Prowse, an organization that modestly advertises itself as the largest ticket agency in the world. The habitually vexed look on his face is a mystery to both Williams and his friends. Actually, he enjoys the theatre so much that, after seeing a new play almost every night, he frequently goes back on a free evening to see a show he particularly likes. In the case of *Oklahoma!* he went back nine times.

Must See The Whole Show

An insatiable appetite for anything illuminated by footlights is essential to a man in Williams's position. Unlike the critics, who can walk out of a theatre, he must sit through the entire performance, make up his mind and then hazard £1,000 or more on his decision. The investment represents the number of tickets he will buy on behalf of his own firm and eight other agencies or "libraries."

Williams can either buy tickets outright or on a sale or return basis. His firm boasts that it can supply tickets for anything bookable. There are, of course, exceptions, such as Cup Finals, for which agencies receive no allotment. On other occasions, if no seats are available, Williams will even go to the length of buying timber and building accommodation. This happens at Coronation time. Within one month of the accession of Queen Elizabeth II, and long before the Coronation date was known, Williams had on his desk 3,074 requests for seats to view the procession. His price is from two to twenty-five guineas, which, he says candidly, is "either intelligent anticipation or a mad guess."

Guesswork is a profession for Williams, who gambles large sums on what he thinks the public taste in entertainment will be. When a winner like *South Pacific* does come along, the libraries are apt to find that the management is not willing to part with as many tickets as they would for a riskier venture. Williams is reputed to have handled £40,000 of the show's £100,000 advance sales, and is now negotiating for seats in the next few months of the run.

The offer to buy a certain number of tickets for a limited number of weeks is known in the trade as "the guarantee." It can make or break a new production. It can also either make money for Williams and his associates or leave them out of pocket. "During Orson Welles's recent production of *Othello*," Williams recalls, "people suddenly stopped buying tickets. Fortunately, it was the last week of our guarantee and we were left with only £100 worth of unsold tickets on our hands."

The only reason Williams can offer for the swift decline in Orson Welles's fortunes is the fact that the Old Vic had begun a production of *Othello*, and that there were not enough Shakespeare fanciers to keep both theatres full. Normally, a play ends its run with a gradual

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Farewell to a village

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

What this place needed was for someone to wake it up. Johnny had just the remedy

THE GARAGE MAN SAID THEY were closed, as good as. Two minutes and it would be half past. They never stayed after half past. Johnny said surely they could close what time they liked. He'd have to have the job done and be in London by midnight. The van was urgently required.

The garage man said it would mean overtime rates from the word go.

Johnny said okay, then it would mean overtime rates. Just get it fixed, he said. He helped the man back the van in under the tin roof. The garage man wanted to know what you called these things. Johnny said you called them public address vans; you simply talked into the mike on the dashboard and everyone could hear you for streets around; miles even. The garage man sniffed. He grunted. He didn't seem to have much time for that sort of caper. Mending one of these things, after hours!

"Is there anywhere I can get a bite?" Johnny asked. "I've had nothing since two o'clock."

The garage man said if Johnny walked back a couple of hundred yards along the arterial he'd find a loop road to the village. It came back on the arterial half a mile down. Johnny found the village. It was pleasant enough to look at. There was a shop with TEAS in the window. Johnny went in. A pointed woman was piling little chairs on little tables. She said she was sorry.

"I want a snack," Johnny said. "Anything. Buns and a cup of tea will do."

The pointed woman said she was sorry. They were closed. This was a great place for closing, Johnny thought. He put on a trampled-on look and said he'd had nothing since two o'clock.

The pointed woman said she was sorry. She had to be at a whist drive at seven.

"Then," said Johnny, "where can I get something?"

The pointed woman said he might be lucky at Mrs. Town's, over the bridge. She doubted it. Mrs. Town was a mean old so-and-so. Wouldn't do anything for anybody. He could try.

He went over the bridge and tried. Mrs. Town's place was a little bakery. There were buns in the window, and the door was open. Mrs. Town was putting covers over things. She was fat; enormously fat.

"Closed," said Mrs. Town.

"But I'm hungry," said Johnny in a

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The village sprang to life. It sprang out of bed. It was very angry; and also very puzzled

HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS FROM INDONESIA

The morning after the revolution

For heroes like Muzakar—the "Scarlet Pimpernel"—the aftermath was bitter. But how were Indonesia's Big Three coping? Harry Hopkins went to see, and got a surprise summing-up from their adviser, Germany's wily old Dr. Hjalmar Schacht

MACASSAR

I STOOD ON THE RAMPARTS of Fort Rotterdam. Behind me, forming the sides of a square, lay four rows of old Dutch houses, steep, red-tiled roofs, shuttered windows, square white pillars. Three or four old trees gave shade to the courtyard and, in the middle, stood a whitewashed chapel, its windows now festooned with Indonesian soldiers' washing. That lay behind. Ahead was the sparkling blue sea and the sky across which there glided swiftly, as if pulled by an invisible wire, two frail native boats that had curving outriggers and great oblong sails that leaned far out over their sides. They were fast, these Buginese *lepas*, but they could not tack: they would have to wait for a change of wind to reach port again.

From beneath the outer wall of the fort, its old stones darkened and worn by the wind and the rain, came the click-click of pickaxes, the scraping of shovels. Fifty yards away a group of men were demolishing the old Dutch lighthouse which for many years had been one of the trade marks of Macassar. They were knocking it down because it interfered with the view of the shining new obelisk to the "Heroes of the Indonesian Revolution" that rose alongside. Also because it belonged to the past—and it was a past these eager young men wanted no part of.

Northward stretched the spindly south leg of the Celebes, which the Indonesian heirs and assigns now call Sulawesi, an island with two heads, each set in its extremities. The northern head, Menado, pointing up to the Philippines and the Pacific, is the metropolis of the Minahassans, who are Christians, have a yellowish skin tinge and are—by an accident of mission school development—vastly more literate than any other Indonesian people. Taking off from Menado—road-links are still in the planning stage—we fly 600 miles south, across a maze of indented bays and craggy tongues of land, to the southern head of the insect, Macassar. This is the centre for the Bugis who are—again by accident—among Indonesia's more backward races, though among its most vigorous.

Buginese boats at Macassar, the Celebes capital.

Greeks Of The China Seas

As befits a people so largely surrounded by water, the Buginese are great seafarers—the Greeks of the China Seas. Before the war their prows were to be seen in harbours as far afield as Hongkong and Madagascar. They made a brave show, these prows, as they lay at the quayside, loading and unloading copra, gums, rattan for Hongkong, bundles of thin logs that would make the special brown dyes for Sumatra *batiks*, gleaming "mother-of-pearl" trokla shells from Doboes Island in the Moluccas, which, in due course, would be stamped into buttons in Belgium.

Macassar, you would say, is a pleasant, rather sleepy little place, a town of atmosphere, away from it all. In the old Dutch graveyard that sprawled through the middle of the town, Indonesians lay stretched at noon, sleeping, like extra guardian angels, on the crumbling tombs of bygone proconsuls. In the narrow market street leisurely bargains were struck in a language that was full of old Portuguese.

Yet, on the walls, terror-stricken faces looked out from posters, set against a background of flaming houses and maimed and bleeding bodies. "End this senseless destruction!" appealed the government, underneath. And when I proposed to go a few miles outside Macassar I was met with much shaking of heads. "You might be all right with the guerrillas," they said, "but then, you see, there are the bandits, too. . . ."

Indonesia's Socialist leader, Sutan Sjahrir. The Reds stole his thunder, and the government stole his plans, he complained to Hopkins

The mountainous interior was the romping ground of Kahar Muzakar and his merry men. Two years before, Muzakar had been a great patriotic legend, the Scarlet Pimpernel of the local revolution, rarely seen, yet striking everywhere against the colonial oppressor. But now, as Muzakar's trail of fire and death spread across the island, he began to look just like one more disappointed man for whom the revolution had failed to pay off.

As a Celebes patriot leader, Muzakar had visualized his three or four battalions of guerrillas as a Celebes standing army, the Hassanuddin Brigade—Hassanuddin being a famed patriot of an earlier day. Not unnaturally, the central government in Java distrusted these designs, and countered by offering to incorporate Muzakar's men—or such as survived screening—into the regular formations of the Indonesian Army.

After a lot of patient negotiation a compromise was at last agreed making considerable concessions to local patriotism. On Indonesia's "Proclamation Day" Muzakar's men were due to come down into town to begin the process of incorporation. But when Macassar got out of bed that morning it found its doorsteps littered with leaflets, manifestos nailed to the trees. The leaflets accused the government of bad faith—and Muzakar's men were still in the hills. It

It is in the outer islands where Indonesia's wealth lies. The problem is how to populate them

was the usual dreary tragedy of revolution's morning after, high ideals turned to dust, lofty aspirations petering out miserably in petty rivalries, megalomanias, and plain bloodlust. And the victims were the usual ones, the common people, caught up here in the Celebes between the desperation of their native self-appointed "patriots" and the arrogance and looting of their new Javanese military protectors. Muzakar's was not the only "home ruler's" revolt. Heady local nationalist feeling flared up also among the fiercely Muslim Achins in Sumatra's north-west tip, in the Moluccas, even in a Borneo sultanate.

Motto From The Past

Amid all this, could an idea, the idea of a nation, born of a generation of colonial oppression, but realized for the first time only in 1945, be strong enough to prevail? It was one of the key questions of all South-East Asia, but, for Indonesia, a friend gave me my answer by pointing to the motto held between the talons of Indonesia's official eagle. "*Bhinneka Tungal Ika,*" said the motto—"From out of many, One." They had not, he pointed out, written that yesterday—it dated from the Modjapahit Empire which in the fourteenth century had ruled much of the archipelago from its capital in Java. What Indonesians had done before, could they not do again?

New shipping links were being planned, air services improved, to bind the islands more closely together. Then there is "Bahasa Indonesian," the new national language, a standardized and titivated Malay—and it was just unfortunate that most educated Javanese still regard Malay as a pidgin market language (it forms its plurals by repeating the nouns, e.g. "*organisatie-organisatie*" being "organizations") and that nearly all educated Indonesians slide off into Dutch when they really want to express themselves freely.

And, all the time, the movement of the Indonesians about their land, between the periphery and the centre, Java and the outer islands, was growing. There are, for instance, now 20,000 Balinese studying at universities and technical schools in Java. It would be with them that Indonesia will really be born as a new Power bridging the gap between the sub-continent of India and the continent of Australia.

In fact, in the building up of the Indonesian nation, the real strengthening, the real bodily filling-out, will come only with the development of the human and material resources of the now empty and neglected outer islands. Java, one-thirteenth of Indonesia's land area but with two-thirds of its total population, is already cultivated to the very edges of its volcanoes. Its 50,000,000 people press upon the soil, must make do with two meals a day, and, at that, mix their rice with cassava. Yet Sumatra, three and a half times Java's size, and a thousand miles long, has less than 10,000,000 people; Borneo, a huge island, has 1,000,000; the Celebes under 1,500,000. Now the transplanting of 20,000,000 people from overcrowded Java to the wide open spaces of the East is a key part of the Indonesian Government's national programme. But the numbers actually being moved are pathetically small.

The week I arrived in Macassar, one new and slightly untoward development had been noted by the authorities. S.O.B.S.I. had opened its first Celebes branch office. S.O.B.S.I. was the Communist-dominated trade union federation, which includes ninety per cent of Indonesia's dock workers, and possesses, therefore, theoretically at least, a stranglehold on the life of the nation.

Just how formidable were these Indonesian Communists? Everyone knew about the handful of Moscow-Pekin "old hands," like the veteran Alumin whose whereabouts were generally a matter of mystery. But what about the lesser leaders, these all-important trade union bosses, for instance?

Left Workers In Lurch

The story of S.O.B.S.I., a familiar one in South-East Asia, is instructive. For there had been a time, back in the heroic days of the Jogja Republic, when S.O.B.S.I. had been a Government-backed body, with instructor-leaders imported from Holland and Australia—an instrument of the national revolution. Then, when the capital was shifted to Djakarta and everyone left Jogja, the Communists in S.O.B.S.I. headquarters there seized the opportunity to gain control. But the capital of S.O.B.S.I.'s nationalist past—on which its Communist leaders have been living—has been steadily dissipated. Their second-rank men, emboldened by the earlier triumphs, totally inexperienced and even callow, persistently overplayed their hands and left their workers in the lurch.

The demands they made were childlike and fantastic: educational holidays abroad for workers at regular intervals, an extra month's pay to buy new clothes after Lebaron, the fasting month; and when the Government in its early enthusiasm brought in the now much-regretted seven-hour day, these union leaders brought chaos to the sugar factories where the processes are continuous by refusing to put in a minute's overtime at whatever pay.

But the important thing for Indonesia is that the Communist cloven-hoof is at last clearly visible; their tactic of capturing labour through vast octopoid trade union federations—which they used so disastrously in Malaya—is seen for what is it. S.O.B.S.I.'s hold, in fact, is being increasingly challenged and whittled away. At Palembang, in Sumatra, for instance, the oil workers have organized an independent union. So have the estate workers. The Socialists are trying to organize the transport workers; there are already considerable Muslim unions; and rival non-Communist federations are now getting under way.

A Tubby Little Man

That is not to say that the word "Communist" causes anyone in Indonesia to blench with horror. As one young man observed to me: "We were all called Communists by the Dutch before the war, anyway." Stalinism apart, Socialism was something these infant nations of South-East Asia drew in with their first breaths.

Sutan Sjahrir, the Socialist leader, and a former Indonesian Prime Minister, had just returned from a protracted tour of Europe and Asia when I met him in his house in Djakarta in a study furnished with tubular steel chairs and a big polished black horse-shoe desk. I found an insignificant little man, not more than five feet, getting a little tubby, in a grey zip-necked sports shirt. But Sjahrir was anything but insignificant in fact. The intellectual leader of the revolution, he had emerged in 1945 from his mountain hideout untainted by collaboration with the Japs, to become Premier and Foreign Minister of the first Indonesian Government.

Sjahrir spoke at first with a slight stammer which dissolved into a profuse flow of words as he warmed to his theme. This, he told me, was the danger period for Indonesia, the period between securing conditions which would make

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CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

by ***HAMMOND INNES***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

The fight was on. I had to race the dam-builders and strike oil—or else see the Kingdom drowned for ever

I WAS quite alone in the icy, moonlit night—more alone than I had ever been before, a mile and a half up a mountain in the Canadian Rockies. I had come to see my kingdom.

My name is Bruce Wetheral. I have only a few months to live. The day I received the specialist's final verdict, I had some other momentous news: my grandfather, Stuart Campbell, had died, leaving me his property—Campbell's Kingdom, in the Rockies. Half his life had been spent trying to prove there was oil there; he wanted me to carry on.

With so little time before me, I was not put off by danger; and there was danger. A big industrial group wanted to buy me out quickly and build a dam near the Kingdom; they would not stand idly by while I began looking for oil.

The people of the little ghost town of Come Lucky, below the Kingdom, were almost entirely hostile; the dam, they thought, would bring prosperity. Two people were not hostile: Jean Lucas, an English girl, who had befriended the old man in his mountain eyrie, and Boy Bladen, the man who had carried out the last oil test.

Bladen's figures showed promise of oil—but they had been tampered with. The subsequent report—a negative one—had dealt my grandfather a fatal blow. The only way to discover definitely if there was oil or not was to drill for it. I made Bladen my partner, and he went off to Calgary to see what support we could get.

The industrial group had not been idle. So sure were they that I'd sell that they had gone on with the dam; Trevedian, a local contractor, had rebuilt a road up to a mountain hoist which would take materials up—but he wouldn't let me use it to get to the Kingdom.

That was the position when two friends I had met in my first days in Canada arrived in Come Lucky. They were Johnnie Carstairs and Jeff Hart. The night they arrived, I drove out with Jeff Hart to see the hoist. The moment I was inside the empty engine house, I was obsessed with a wild desire to go up at once in the swaying cable-car—up to my kingdom.

Jeff didn't like the idea. "These aren't English mountains," he warned me. "You don't want to go fooling around with them."

I would not be dissuaded. I had to see my kingdom. Leaving Jeff below in the engine-house, I went up in the cable-car.

PART 4

Inside The Kingdom

BELOW me was the dam, looking like some prehistoric rampart built by ancient inhabitants to defend the pass. In places the concrete had crumbled away to spill out the great boulders that formed its core. The unfinished centre section, where the water frothed white over a small fall, gave it the appearance of having been breached in some early raid.

The top of the dam was partially covered by snow, but it was still possible to see the nature of its construction; two outer walls of concrete and the space between filled with rock and sealed with concrete. It was, I judged, about fifty yards wide at the base, tapering to about twenty yards. Its length at the top when completed would be about 300 yards. On the far side was a concrete pylon, and between it and the staging stretched a rusty cable partially coated with ice. This was presumably used for swinging materials from one side to the other.

All this I saw at a glance and then my gaze swung to the Kingdom itself. It was a natural bowl in the mountains some five to ten miles long—it was impossible to judge the distance in that queer light. I couldn't tell the width because a buttress of rock, part of the shoulder of the mountain, blocked my view. The place was completely bare, a white expanse of snow through which ran the black thread of the stream, branching here and there like the spine of a leaf into tributaries that faded rapidly beneath the snow. There was no sign of habitation.

THERE was nothing inside the concrete housing but the big iron wheel round which the driving cable ran and some cans of grease There was a field telephone on a wooden bracket. I lifted the receiver and wound the handle. Faint in my ear came the sound of Jeff's voice. "You all right, Bruce?"

"Yes, I'm fine." It was odd to think of him still down there in the valley with the car outside and the road snaking back to Come Lucky. I seemed to have moved into another world. "I can't see Campbell's shack from here," I told him. "It's probably on the north side of the Kingdom and that's hidden from me by a buttress of rock. I'll ring you when I'm ready to come down."

"Okay. But don't be too long. And see you don't slip or anything."

"I'll be all right," I said. "It'll probably take about an hour if I'm to have a look round and find Bladen's survey figures."

"Okay."

I hung up and went outside. I stood there for a moment, gazing beyond the buttress to the Kingdom. It was a crystal bowl surrounded by peaks and it wasn't difficult to imagine how my grandfather had felt when he had first seen it. Spring would come late here, but when it came it would be splendid, and solitary.

The clouds were thickening up. I turned and climbed the rock-strewn slope to the buttress.

It didn't take me long to reach it and from the summit the whole Kingdom lay before me. And there, huddled against the lower slopes of the mountain away to my left was a low range of buildings half-buried in snow. There was nothing of the shack about them and they appeared to be constructed of logs after the Norwegian fashion.

It shouldn't have taken me long to reach them, for it was not more than a mile, but the going was very slippery, the snow frozen into a hard crust like ice. The altitude was also affecting me and I had to stop repeatedly to get my breath. The solitude was frightening. I felt curiously as though I were entering a dead man's world.

I was sheltered from the wind by the mountain, but from the slopes above me a whirl of snow came hurtling, curling and curving towards the moon like a scimitar blade. There was a howling rush of wind and ice powder small as ground glass. It stung my face and swept on and all was still again. I glanced back, panting. The line of my footprints showed faintly in the powdery top layer of snow leading back to the buttress and the dark shadow of the cleft.

I could no longer see the valley of Thunder Creek. I was ringed with rock and snow, and

I finished my meal and lit a cigarette. "What

o you suggest I do?" I said. Jean turned from the window to face me. Her answer came with sudden, surprising passion. "Sell out and go back home"

the dam was again a puny man-made wall against the vast bulk of the southern peak of Solomon's Judgment.

Behind the crystal white of the peak, a heavy cloud obscured the sky. Even as I watched, the shadow seemed to race towards me across the snow. I glanced at the buildings, now less than 500 yards away. The light was queer, distorted and refracted by the snow. It seemed to me a figure stood there, watching me from the corner of the nearest of the buildings. I thought I saw it move. But then the shadow of the cloud was upon me and there was sudden, impenetrable blackness. From high up on the peaks above came a dry rustling, a murmur like leaves or the soft escape of steam.

I hesitated, uncertain what to do; whether to go on to the homestead or turn back to the dam. Then all hell broke loose. There was a steady roaring on the mountain slopes above me. The wind came with a drift of powdery snow whipped up from frozen ground, and behind the wind came snow, heavy, driving flakes that were cold and clinging, that blinded my eyes and blanketed the whole world that only a moment before had been so bright and clear in the moonlight.

There was no question now of fighting my way back to the top of the hoist. I knew the direction in which the homestead lay and I made for it, head down against the blinding fury of the blizzard and counting my steps so that I should not overshoot it in the blackness. I switched on the torch Jeff had given me, but it was worse than useless. It converted absolute blackness to a dazzling white world of driven flakes. I put it back in my pocket and stumbled on, cursing myself for a fool, for not realizing how quickly the mood of mountains can change.

With the wind over my left shoulder, I walked straight on for 700 counted yards and then stopped. I could see nothing. Absolutely nothing. I put the wind on my back and walked 200 yards, turned right and walked another 200; faced into the wind and completed the square, eyes and nostrils almost blocked by the icy clinging particles of the blizzard. I walked into it for another 200 paces and again made a square.

For all I knew I might have stumbled right over the top of the buildings, half-hidden as they were under drifts. Only if I walked bang up against a wall of the homestead had I any chance of locating it.

I stood still for a moment and considered, knowing that I mustn't panic, that I must keep calm. There were three alternatives: I could continue searching for the homestead; I could turn back and try to locate the dam; or I could burrow into the snow and attempt to keep warm till the storm had passed. I decided to make one more attempt to locate the homestead and, failing that, to try and shelter in the snow. It was a desperate choice, but there was nothing else I could do. I was almost crying with vexation at the thought that I must be within a few hundred yards of the ranch—two or three yards, for all I knew—and yet did not know how to reach it.

I wiped the snow from my frozen face, and started off again and then stopped, trying to remember what square in my pattern I had completed last, trying to get some spark of sense out of my numbed brain. It was then that I saw a faint glow away to my left, as though a weak sun were trying to penetrate the murk of the blizzard. I stared at it, wondering whether it was a trick of my imagination or whether it was real.

With every step I took, the colours deepened —orange and red and yellow flamed in the blackness, spreading rosy tints into the flakes of driven snow. And then suddenly the veil of the blizzard seemed to fall back and I saw flames licking skywards, and against their lurid light was

etched the rough-hewn corner of a log building. A few steps more and I was in the shelter of a group of buildings, low, log-built barns stretching out like two arms from a central ranch-house that had doors and windows. It was one of the barns that was on fire.

The warmth of the flames came licking out of the storm and I ran towards them. There was a slow creaking, a cracking of timbers, a sagging in the heart of the flames. Then, with a great roar, the roof collapsed. Steam rose with a roar, a great cloud that was momentarily lit by the glow of the fire. Then the fire was gone. Black darkness closed in and all that was left was a few glowing embers and the soft sizzling of snow melting in contact with red-hot ash.

I stood for a moment quite still. It had all happened so suddenly. There had been nothing to cause the fire. A sudden sense of awe descended on me. I remembered the figure I thought I had seen, standing beside the barn, watching me, just before the storm had blotted out the moon. Could the ghost of my grandfather still haunt these buildings? Could there be so much urgency in a man's soul that he could not sleep in the earth until his grandson had come to complete the work he had begun?

I SHIVERED as the cold gripped me again. Whatever the cause of it, the fire had shown me the place I was seeking. I felt my way through pools of melted snow to the main building, felt my way along the warm wood of the log face until I found the door. It yielded to my touch and I stumbled inside, closing it after me.

The place was cold, cold with the griping chill of a room that has had no heat in it for a long time. I fumbled for my lighter and in the tiny flame of it I saw a big, ghostly room full of shadows. The walls were of log, ceiling and floorboards of split pine planks, and there was the gaping hole of a huge stone chimney. On a table stood a lamp. It still had oil in it and I removed the glass chimney and lit the wick. When I set the chimney back, the warm lamplight flooded the place. I stood back and stared at a room that might have been constructed by one of the pioneers that had moved into the Fraser River country a hundred years ago.

The place was dominated by the huge stone chimney which broadened out just below the rafters to a big open fireplace. It was built of rocks mortared together and on either side were baking ovens. The grate still held some half-burnt pine logs and a great heap of ash. The beams and rafters that supported the roof were rough-hewn, the marks of my grandfather's axe plainly visible. Most of the furniture was hand-made, but there were a few small pieces that had been imported.

On the other side of the living-room was a bedroom. There was an old drum stove in one corner with an iron pipe running up through the roof. The bed was unmade. Clothes were strewn around—heavy ski boots, an old pair of jeans, a buckskin jacket beautifully worked with beads, an old and battered stetson, high-heeled cowboy boots of a fancy pattern, a gaily coloured plaid shirt, faded and sweat-stained under the armpits.

I felt as though I were an intruder in a private house, not the sole legatee of a man four months dead come to look over his property. Everywhere I turned there was evidence of my grandfather—photographs, some leathers with the needle still plugged through where he had stopped in his mending, dirty dishes, a pot on the stove with a congealed surface of fat, the store cupboard half open and filled with tins. It seemed inconceivable that the man wouldn't come in through the front door at any moment.

I gazed slowly round the room with a strange feeling of tenderness for the man who had made it. This was the place that they wanted to drown with their dam.

A pool of water was forming at my feet. There were logs piled in a big bin beside the fireplace, logs brought in by Johnnie and his party when they had returned. There was a box of axe chippings and sawdust. In a few minutes I had a fire blazing in the hearth and had stripped off my clothes. I went through into the bedroom and got some things of my grandfather's—a pair of jeans, a plaid shirt and a big, fur-lined jacket. They were old and had been patched with great care. I stood close against the fire as I put them on. The flames roared, sucked up by the wind that drove across the top of the chimney. The heat of it slowly penetrated to my bones, warming the cold core of my body. The uncurtained windows showed the snow thick in the lamplight. But the only sound was the crackle of the flames in the hearth. The storm was muffled by the snow. It did not penetrate this well-built ranch-house.

LIGHTING a cigarette, I went over to the desk. The drawers were full of an indescribable litter of correspondence. It was in the bottom of the empty Bible box lying on the floor beside the desk that I found what I was looking for: a black, leather-bound book. On the first page was written: *An Account of the Efforts of Stuart Campbell, to Establish the Truth that there is Oil in the Rocky Mountains.* The report was written in ink. It had faded a little with age and the paper had yellowed and become brittle. All the entries were dated. It began with March 3, 1911.

I read with fascination the account of his discovery of oil in the valley of Thunder Creek.

This day, while on a visit to my old friend, Luke Trevedian, I was involved in the terrible landslide that overtook the mining community of Come Lucky. Some of the rocks were of the size of large houses. For a week after the series of avalanches, everyone laboured for the release of miners trapped in the workings. But it was hopeless. In all, forty-seven men and eleven boys missing in the mine and thirty-five people, including eight women and eleven children, buried utterly, their dwellings standing in the course of the slide.

There followed more details and then this passage: *March 11, I was able to push up the valley of Thunder Creek, the snows having largely melted. Geologically a most interesting journey since I was skirting the edge of the slide and could examine rocks that only a little time before had been deep below the surface of the mountain. . . . Turning a bastion of Forked Lightning Mountain I got my first view of the falls. Imagine my astonishment on finding that the whole head of Thunder Valley had broken away.*

The awe-inspiring sight of a new cliff-face, unmarked by vegetation and standing stark and sheer for hundreds of feet, was most instructive regarding the strata of the country. . . . In going down to slake my thirst I saw a black slime on the rocks at the edge of the swollen creek. These rocks were newly broken off and should have had no mark of vegetation. The waters of the creek were running dark and thick with a curious viscosity, and though they were swirling and thundering among the rocks, they did so smoothly. . . . It was a river of oil.

What proportion was oil and what was water I could not tell, but the deposit on the rocks was undoubtedly crude oil. It was the biggest seep I had ever seen. I made great efforts to climb up the slide to the source of the seepage, but shortly after midday it began to snow. Further falls of rock occurred and I had the greatest difficulty in getting safely down.

March 13. It snowed all day yesterday and I waited with the greatest impatience to take Luke and others up to the oil seep. Today we managed to get through, but alas, fresh falls had occurred and there was no evidence that we could find of any seep, nor could I discover any trace of the original seep though I searched the course of the creek wherever possible. I had great difficulty in convincing my companions that what I had seen two days ago. . . .

A DRAUGHT of cold air touched my cheek and I looked up. The door to the bedroom was open. I turned with a start as something moved in the room behind me. The figure of a man was walking slowly towards the fire, his feet dragging, his long arms swinging loose. His huge body was white with snow and he had his hand to the side of his face and it was blackened as though charred by fire. He stopped in front of the grate, staring at the flames. There was something frightening in his stillness, in his complete absorption in the fire.

I got to my feet and at the scrape of my chair, he jerked round. His eyes widened at the sight of me and his lips opened, but no sound came. It was Max Trevedian, and naked fear showed in his blackened face. He mumbled something incoherently. Then his gaze darted past me to the door and he ran blindly towards it, the whites of his eyes showing in the blackened mask of his face. His big hands fumbled clumsily at the latch; then he had lifted it and the wind tore the door from his grasp and flung it wide. A blast of bitter air swept into the room. I had a momentary glimpse of him struggling in a blinding whirl of snow and then the lamp blew out and the flames of the fire flickered redly on the drift that was rapidly powdering the floor.

For a moment he disappeared into the black void of the doorway. But it was only for a moment. He couldn't stand against the freak force of wind and snow, and he staggered in again, bent low, his arms almost touching the ground, a monstrous, shapeless figure, shrouded in snow. I flung myself against the door and forced it to. As I turned, panting from the effort, I found him standing facing me, a dark silhouette against the firelight. He was trembling and his teeth were chattering. Then

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Charmer of the Royal children

A Marcus Adams study of Prince Charles

TO HAVE their photographs taken, Prince Charles and Princess Anne are driven to Marcus Adams's studio in Mayfair. There, while they play with the puppets and toys around the studio fountain, Adams prepares another of the appealing pictures which have appeared all over the world. Adams became famous through the photographs which he took of the Queen and Princess Margaret from the time they were eight months old. His methods are unique; they are described in a fascinating article by Muriel Segal, illustrated with full-colour pictures, in JOHN BULL next week.

MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA—AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

What sort of man is the former playboy whose spectacular career has reached a new crossroads with his appointment to the controversial Mediterranean command? Read Dennis Holman's frank assessment of Mountbatten in JOHN BULL next week.

THE HAPPY HUNTED (6) by Brigadier GEORGE CLIFTON, D.S.O., M.C.

I'm arrested in a German hospital

Wounded while escaping from a train en route to a German prison camp, Clifton lay crippled in hospital. But thanks to a kind doctor—and a surprise visitor—he recovered rapidly. Then the Gestapo moved in—looking for trouble

Dr. Max Frisch, a non-Nazi, whose skill and kindness helped to save Clifton's life

FEELING DROWSY FROM THE morphia which Doc Vaughan had administered, I lay on the floor of the carriage. It was barely a quarter of an hour since the German *Feldwebel* had shot me as I attempted to escape from the train that was taking me to a German prison camp. The bullet had struck the bone in my right thigh and lodged in my stomach muscles. Vaguely I could hear Vaughan discussing my wounded leg with two other medical officers. Amputation if it really became septic was the pessimistic view of one doctor; the other predicted two inches shortening. In my groggy state I didn't care much.

Ten minutes' run brought us to a small station where the German interpreter got busy on the phone, so that when we rattled into Wurzburg, about an hour after I was shot, an ambulance was waiting. Doc Vaughan tried hard to leave a fellow New Zealander, Jack Fraser, as my orderly, despite the Germans' assurance that I would be well looked after. Actually the assurance was quite right. The ambulance crawled through Wurzburg city, then roared up a hill on the outskirts to a huge modern building. It was a thousand-bed hospital, which had been completed in 1939, ready for the war; almost the perfect hospital, planned at least four years in advance for this purpose.

Taken, stretcher and all, into a huge, silent-running lift, I was hoisted to the top floor where the operating theatres were concentrated. In some kind of preparation room, orderlies stripped me naked, cleaned up the wound a bit, then wheeled me in on a table under the lights. Two minutes later, a short, grey-haired man came over and said: "Good morning, Brigadier. You've been in trouble. Let's see what we can do for it."

And so I met Doktor Max Frisch, a very good surgeon—and a good German. "*Ich habe morphia, Herr Doktor,*" I mumbled. "Yes, I know. That is all right," he answered, then jabbed more shots of something near the wreck, and got busy. Next thing I knew: "Ah, here is your pill!" Frisch exclaimed, and held up a battered chunk of bullet before my drowsy eyes. Five minutes later he said: "That is all for now. I will come and see you later, after the X-ray. But I consider you are a very lucky man

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON HORNER

The German colonel bellowed out the charges. "Suborning his staff . . . spreading disloyalty to the Reich." A grim Gestapo man looked on

Warrant Officer Brown (squatting), the Australian camp leader at Stalag XIIIC. To Clifton, lying wounded in hospital, he played Santa Claus

Dr. Frisch and Mrs. Clifton at a Wurzburg café. Clifton took this photograph at a reunion with the German doctor in 1951

because there is no real damage to the main blood vessels or the sciatic nerve. Why there's no damage, I don't know. The bullet must have bounced off them in passing."

I was taken to a small room and put very carefully into bed. Soon after, two orderlies pushed in a huge X-ray machine and proceeded to take photographs. An hour later, Doktor Frisch walked in, followed by minions with a mass of gear, which made up into a gadget supporting a pulley at the end of the bed and a frame for my leg to rest on. In the meantime, having given another "local," he bored a hole through the bone below my knee, ran a shining steel skewer right through, and fastened a yoke to it. From this, a stout cord led over the pulley, supporting a small platform on which weights could be stacked.

Anchored In Bed

The Doktor stacked them, one by one, carefully checking the battered limb. "You have good solid muscles," he observed, adding the eighteenth pound. "They take a great deal of stretching. You see, it is necessary to strike the right balance for every individual case. Too much weight is bad for the muscles and the knee. Too little weight means the leg is left much shorter. The bigger weight is painful and hard to bear, but your leg will be better at the end. Just a little more." And he boosted the load up to twenty-two pounds. "Also, because your muscles are good, they can hold the shattered fragments of bone together very well. I have given you injections against shock and septicaemia. Now, that is all for the present. Your future is in God's hands—and your own."

And so, on September 29, 1943, I came to anchor in Wurzburg Hospital for three weary months. Doktor Frisch saved my leg by his skill, aided by my constitution; he saved my sanity and life in the dark nights, when an overdose of sleeping tablets seemed the perfect end. A first-rate surgeon, whose family had been doctors in Wurzburg for generations, he was not a member of the Nazi Party. His kindness to me went far beyond the limit of medical duty. One of the prized possessions in the Frisch household was a library of nearly 400 English books, mostly contemporary novels. At least twice weekly, when he arrived on daily inspection, out from under his smock would come another book which disappeared quietly among the pillows. All of them were beyond price during the monotonous weeks that followed.

A daily visitor was the hospital barber, one of the smooth type who talk well. He was much too young for such a back-area job, and I learned later that he was an epileptic and, as such, exempt from fighting service. Appreciating that I might be a very useful peg to hang his future on, Erich proved most attentive, not only by coming to shave me, but also by producing vital things including tooth-cleaning gear, writing materials and a pack of cards, then minor luxuries such as schnapps. It worried me a great deal that I was unable to return all this service. Not wishing to be indebted in any way to the barber, I gave him the "protection chit" for which he was angling. It read: "The bearer . . . has been very helpful to me, while in hospital with a broken leg. As I cannot repay this assistance I will be grateful if any member of the Anglo-American Forces will do so." Erich tucked this into his wallet, expressing fervent thanks, and I never gave it another thought, until repercussions hit us later.

For me, Santa Claus arrived that year about mid-November, in the happy disguise of Mr. Brown, a large, forceful Australian sergeant-major, who was the Man of Confidence (camp leader) at a nearby Allied p.o.w. camp. He roared in full of vigour and good cheer, as fresh and invigorating as surf on a Sydney beach. "Good morning, sir." He greeted me with a punctilious salute, and a handshake that put new life into me. "I'm Mr. Brown, Man of Confidence at Stalag Thirteen C. We heard on the grapevine that you were here, and as you're in my territory I came along to see what we can do." Like a poor weak fish, I felt the tears well over in my eyes, but he was such a grand sight, and a grand man, too, doing an excellent job.

Browbeat The Commandant

Out of a magic bag, Mr. Brown produced an amazing array of comforts—toilet gear, a razor, cigarettes, chocolate, writing material. He had arranged already for the weekly supply of Red Cross parcels—not just the normal food one, but in addition "milk" and invalid types as well. In each, for their barter value, would be fifty cigarettes! Finally Mr. Brown took out a tape measure, ran it round my body, and then promised to produce a perfectly fitting battle-dress, complete with badges of rank and New Zealand titles. What a marvellous change of fortune, due to one irrepressible Australian who had browbeaten the hospital commandant, demanding admission on behalf of the International Red Cross.

Thereafter, three Red Cross parcels reached me each week. The regular supply of food, soap, chocolate and cigarettes put me on the semi-millionaire level in the hospital. Also it enabled me to square my debts with the barber.

Christmas Day came and Doktor Max helped to make it a memorable one. I had made up some small gift for his wife—soap, chocolates, cigarettes. In return, he arrived on Christmas morning, fished in his black bag and produced two bottles, one of Liebfraumilch hock, the other a very pleasant Moselle. Nectar, bottled with loving care, almost the last of a diminished and unreplenishable cellar.

But my real red letter event came on December 29 when, amid general excitement, Doktor Frisch removed the last weights and the frame. Escaping from that medical rack thrilled me as much as escaping from Germany. Despite the doctor's warning, no sooner had they gone out than I swung the dud leg over the edge—and nearly fainted with the pain, The knee was stiff as a board and quite useless! And apart from the leg, I felt as weak as water. Obviously, there was a long road ahead yet before I'd walk the hills again. On New Year's Day, supported by an excited nursing sister, I stood on both feet, while someone measured the right leg. It was, and still is, half an inch shorter. In imagination, I thumbed my nose at the medical pessimists on the train who predicted at least two inches shortening. Two more days and I was trying myself out on crutches.

The Gestapo Tortures

Next day, the blow fell. Doktor Frisch rushed in, very agitated. "You are in very serious trouble, Brigadier," he burst out. "The Gestapo have got the protection letter you gave the barber. They've arrested him!"

"Good lord! I'd forgotten all about it," I said. "I meant to collect the confounded thing. What happened?"

"The fool dropped his wallet somewhere round the hospital," said Frisch. "One of the orderlies picked it up. They dislike him because he's dodged war service and gets in on all the rackets. It was given to the Gestapo, who of course arrested the barber at once. They will be after you and me next."

"Why? They can't touch me, I'm a prisoner of war; and you've done nothing," I said. Frisch looked at me, worriedly. "You forget that the barber is a civilian, charged with treason—believing that Germany will lose the war. You have seduced his loyalty, and that is a civil offence in this case. The Gestapo handle it, not the Army. As for me—God knows what the bloody fool will say when they rack him!"

"When they what?" I exclaimed.

"When they rack him!" repeated the Doktor. "When they twist his limbs until he screams out confession after confession. And there are worse tortures which the devils use. Exposing the facial nerves and twanging them with tweezers. Pulling out fingernails and toenails. Never-ceasing interrogation!" He shuddered.

Repercussions followed very quickly. My room was locked and a Gestapo man mounted guard. I

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was under close arrest. That afternoon the commandant stamped in. He was a Party hack dressed in colonel's gear. With the grim Gestapo man standing by, there was only one line for him to take—and he went the whole way. "Abuse of hospitality," "suborning my staff," "spreading disloyalty to the Reich," on and on. Finally, he ended, "My orders are that you will leave this hospital immediately."

It was the first week in January, and bitterly cold. Two bouts of pleurisy had not improved my general health. I looked at the colonel steadily and said: "Herr Colonel, you know I am not fit to leave this hospital yet. If I die because of this order, you will be held personally responsible." He bellowed something like, "It's your own damned fault!" and stamped out.

Early next morning a nursing sister came in with the news that two British soldiers—fellow Anzacs—had arrived to take me away. They placed me on a stretcher, and having said "*Auf wiedersehen*" to Doktor Frisch and to a worried staff, we slithered down an ice-sheathed road to Wurzburg station. Snow lay thick everywhere, gleaming in the pale winter sunshine.

Accompanied by the inevitable *Feldwebel*, we boarded a train. The journey lasted three hours, and all three of us talked non-stop every minute of the trip. When we arrived at the tiny railway station at Ebelsbach, my stretcher was extracted from the guard's van and off we trundled, through icy slush.

Our destination was a hospital for thousands of prisoners, which occupied a former Hitler Youth labour camp. Tramping cheerfully through the slush, my fellow Anzacs dragged my chariot along and soon we were in sight of the inevitable barbed-wire and sentry towers, and row after row of wooden huts. I was welcomed by Captain MacDonald, a British medical officer.

Home In A Hut

"This is a shocking business, sending you here, sir," said Mac. "As you will see, our standards of living and comfort are very primitive. The Gestapo won't allow you in our hut with the doctors. They insist you must be under guard among the men. We've rigged up a corner for you in the Australian hut. But there are over forty men sharing the hut and you'll find it very different from Wurzburg!"

"That's all right," I answered, starting to feel really weary. "I'm lucky to get here, instead of a Gestapo jail." We moved across to a dingy hut crammed full of double-tier bunks, bodies, noise and fug. Just inside the door a blanket curtain screened off one corner, big enough to hold two beds, with perhaps four feet between them. This was my home, shared with a grand American called "Tex."

The first ten days were rather difficult, because I developed influenza. Fortunately the wound gave no trouble, except for aching like blazes as a protest against the change from a perfect inner-sprung double mattress to a palliasse stuffed with wood wool. But the highlight of the initial period was the hot-water bottle. Lord knows where my Australian companions got it from or how much someone bartered for the precious lifesaver, but there it was, always hot, night or day.

They were typical, average Australians in that hut. Their language was appalling, their gambling something to marvel at; but their hearts were bigger than their long, tough bodies. Any attempt to express gratitude would have been greeted with amazement or "What's the poor old bastard talking about?" To them, my rank did not mean a thing. I was just a "cobber who wasn't getting a fair go." That was, and always is, enough to get every Aussie's practical support.

A Surprise Dinner

After ten days of misery, I sat up and started taking an interest in food—sure sign with me of returning health. At Ebelsbach, Sunday dinner was regarded as the meal of the week; everyone concentrated their black-marketing activities on it, to ensure a proper "bash." Asked whether I fancied anything special for Sunday dinner, I jokingly suggested roast chicken.

When dinner time arrived, in came an absinthe aperitif and hors-d'œuvres, then an excellent thick soup, followed by a complete roast chicken with stuffing, bread sauce, gravy, strawed potatoes, truffles and green peas. And to drink, both red and white wine; last, but far from least, real French coffee and kummel. Later, I learned that my companions had each put forty cigarettes into a barter pool for obtaining that dinner. It was a typical gesture.

Aided by daily massage and electric treatment, I was out again on crutches within a month. There was no room inside the hut for practising, so I would wrap up warmly and stump along the covered wooden pathways outside. On the second afternoon I was busy exercising when the German commandant saw me. Evidently, he decided to get rid of me at once, probably influenced, too, by an inquiry from the Protecting Power as to my health and whereabouts.

Next morning, round about 3 a.m., a German soldier shook me half-awake, muttering something about my train leaving in ninety minutes, ending with the inevitable "*Raus! Raus!*" Within an hour or so I was on my way to Oflag IX A/H.

My recollections of Oflag IX A/H are rather blurred, both of the place and the people. After all, I was still sick as well as immobile. A month or five weeks later, I was sent on to Rotenburg and then, in May, 1944, to Oflag XII B, situated at Hadamar, about twenty miles from Frankfurt. It was from here that I finally escaped.

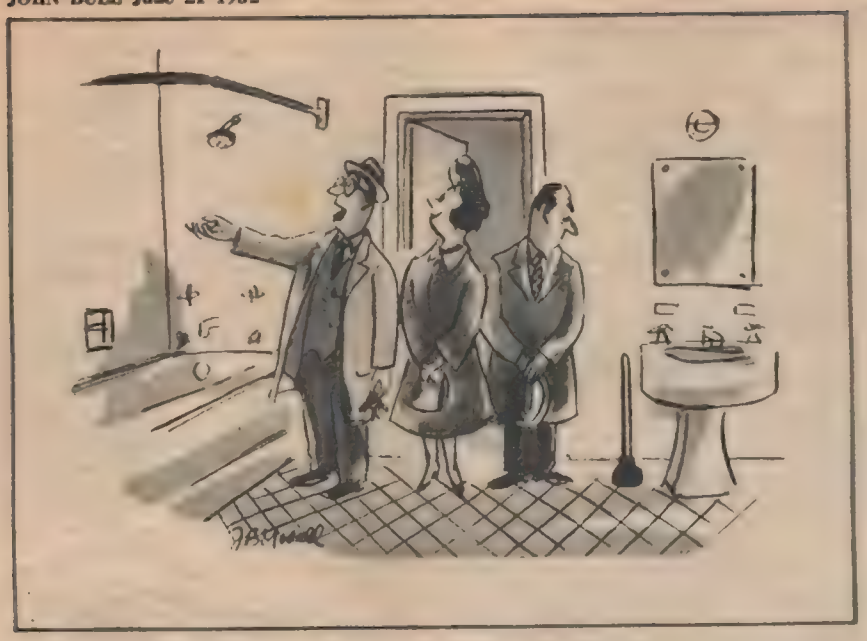
NEXT WEEK: I steal through the enemy lines to freedom

TAKE MY TIP

I HAVE discovered a way to cut the edges of a lawn without furtive snipping with shears—with one eye on a guffawing neighbour.

I have a six-foot length of timber which fits in the trench between the lawn and border. One mower wheel runs on it, and I shift the board after each run.—S. G. Dorber, Timperley, Cheshire.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



THE MORNING AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Continued from page 15

an election possible and the election itself, which would import a new stability and a new realism into the situation. In the meantime, he admitted, they found it hard effectively to counter the Communists' reiterated accusations that everyone else was "selling out to the foreign exploiter"; and on the other side the Government had adopted the economic plan of the Socialist, Dr. Sumitro—although, of course, they didn't understand it. The Socialists were the only party with the scientific approach. The Socialists were the only party which understood the importance of economic planning.

Blessing Of The Sea

Yet despite their present problems, the Indonesians, as they look around the troubled new world of South-East Asia, can count their blessings. First, the inestimable blessing they share with Britain, the blessing of the sea, behind which they can develop their own way of life at their own pace. Next, the natural wealth of their land, with which, given internal order and some slight degree of competence, their prosperity is assured. Then, the sweet reasonableness of the people, a natural docility, which is almost an argument for the anarchists. And, most fortunate circumstance of all, perhaps, in Indonesia, the leaders who made the national revolution have lived on and proved equal to shouldering the tasks of peace and reconstruction.

Taken singly, neither President Sukarno nor Vice-President Hatta would probably last very long: Sukarno would be swept away in the floods of his own emotionalism; Hatta, however sage and analytic, could scarcely stir a nation to action. But together, in double harness, "Sukarno, the soul, and Hatta, the brain," as an Indonesian friend put it, they complement each other perfectly.

Sukarno's critics have called him an opportunist. But a national independence movement has need of its opportunists—and Sukarno was a superb one. In August, 1945, stepping off the plane which had just brought him from a meeting with the Jap commander-in-chief in Saigon, he declared: "Indonesian independence has now come into force. Orders to that effect will be issued in due course."

Now, the rôle of President fitted Sukarno like a glove. He was not particularly tall, but nevertheless he looked tall, for, unlike most Indonesians, he had a "presence." He is a considerable orator. As the words uttered in his rolling, sonorous voice flood out on their tides of emotion, audiences are held spellbound.

What Sukarno had to give was precisely what an infant nation needed. He gave it confidence in itself and its destiny. He equipped it with a Glorious Past. He has a genius for the memorable, the crystallizing phrase, which enabled it to see itself and its situation in sudden brilliant illumination. He has, like Winston Churchill, a power of evoking the unrolling panorama of history, and the sense of timing that goes with it.

Behind the pulling out of the stops on the powerful Presidential organ lies the shrewd, cool brain of Dr. Mohammed Hatta, Sukarno's shadow through the war and postwar years. As Vice-President, Hatta has made it his job, through all the political storms, to keep a watchful eye on the developments on the economic front, by which Indonesia must sooner or later stand or fall. There is nothing at all dramatic about Hatta. He struck me, when he received me in his air-conditioned office (one of the very few in Djakarta), as looking rather like a successful, high-class jeweller, a mild, precise, neat little man in horn-rimmed spectacles and a well-pressed, double-breasted suit.

Socialization is written into the Indonesian Constitution, which Hatta himself played a big part in moulding. Article 33 provides that branches of production important to the State must be controlled by the State and that the land, water and the riches therein must be controlled by the State and exploited for the benefit of the people. That was the revolutionary dawn! Now comes the morning after, when Indonesians wake up to find that they possess no capital to operate anything, that they urgently need large quantities of foreign capital to carry through their splendid development plans. Yet which foreign capitalist will risk his money in a country already engaged in expropriating foreign capitalists?

While I was in Djakarta two foreign observers gave their verdicts on the new Indonesia. One was an American newspaperman, who complained that his hotel-room shower didn't work, the waiters couldn't speak English, the food was terrible, a camera was stolen. "Indonesia," he concluded, "is a good country to stay away from."

The Financial Wizard

The other visitor was a famous German banker and "financial wizard," commissioned by the Indonesian Government to examine their economic situation and report. A vigorous old man, with his white hair parted in the middle, a cigar in his mouth and thin-rimmed spectacles on his nose, he resembled nothing so much as the familiar caricatures of himself.

Thieves . . . black markets . . . chaos, he said. Yes, of course, it was all very much like Germany just after the war, and for much the same reasons. "But," he said, "I am optimistic about this country. This country is rich. Its young men are able. When it gets security, when morale is restored, Indonesia will go so fast ahead it will astonish you. A generation? In less than a generation, my dear sir! In just a few years you will see wunders in this country, you will see wunders!"

For once, I was inclined to agree with Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. THE END

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GREATEST GAMBLER IN SHOW BUSINESS

Continued from page 12

falling off in attendance, which can be anticipated. Williams's guarantee for *Kiss Me Kate* ran out a week before the producers decided to take the show off.

The knack of predicting the run of a play is known in the firm as "the touch." Williams's father, the late Herbert Smith, who guided the destinies of the firm until his death last year, was believed to possess "the touch" in a remarkable degree. Actors, authors and producers all heeded Herbert Smith's judgment, and he became a power in the theatre.

Williams, who changed his name from Smith to comply with a clause in a will, is building a similar reputation, and before Jack Hulbert was cast in *The White Sheep Of The Family* the producers consulted him about the wisdom of putting Hulbert in a straight play. Williams liked the idea and helped to underwrite the show.

Wrong About Rattigan

Herbert Smith was at every first night, and established the principle his son follows of remaining until the last curtain. He always wore an amused expression at the theatre, even when he was bored or a show displeased him.

Smith was not infallible, and some of his decisions lost money for the libraries. He made a big guarantee for Hall Caine's *The Christian*, on the basis of the play's New York success. It was a flop in London. Some time later the same play was revived but, having been once bitten, Smith declined to take the same risk again. The revival was a success.

More recently, Herbert Smith decided that Terence Rattigan's *French Without Tears* had no future. It ran for 1,039 performances.

In the case of an author like Noël Coward, Williams will buy seats before the production. He gets a bigger discount (roughly seven per cent) if the guarantee is made before the London opening. This leads Williams to make frequent dashes to Brighton, Oxford or Manchester to look over a show that is heading for the West End.

He prefers Brighton's Royal Theatre because the audience there is a reasonable facsimile of a London crowd. "They are far less enthusiastic at Brighton than they are at the New Theatre, Oxford," Williams says. "At Oxford, people go to the theatre to have a good time, and they really let themselves go."

Room For The Maharaja

Williams operates with 200 agencies in the provinces and twenty-five branches in London. Some of these are located in luxury hotels and attract the custom of visiting millionaires and foreign royalty. Among the latter is an Indian potentate with three wives who has been known to order as many as thirty-six seats for a cinema party. The maharaja and his entourage occupied eight of the seats. The remainder were kept vacant so that the party would not feel crowded.

One unusual order came to the firm's Bond Street office from the Gold Coast. The client enclosed a cheque and asked that arrangements be made for his mother and father to have lunch in the West End and attend a matinée on their wedding anniversary. The request specified that there should be chocolates for mother and cigars for father. The father turned out to be something of a curmudgeon. When he was approached and asked which play he would like to see, his only comment was: "My son was always a fool with his money!"

Orders for seats are handled through a clearing house near Oxford Circus, which, in busy periods like Christmas, becomes a miniature bedlam as clerks handle as many as 2,000 orders a day. The seats Williams has bought as his part of the guarantee are written in ledgers. Each theatre is represented by one or more of these books. If the demand exceeds the number of tickets Williams has bought, the agency may try to get more from the theatre box office. Private lines connect the clearing house to each of London's forty theatres and to the major auditoriums and sports arenas.

Theatre managers are notably reticent about publishing box office figures, so Williams, with his agency sales in front of him, is one of the few people with an accurate estimate of how well each play is doing. Theatrical business is good, he says—so good that it is probably the one industry that does not quake at the prospect of austerity budgets.

"The more austerity," Williams declares, "the more people go to the theatre. Our business is forty per cent better than in 1936, which we regard as the last normal prewar year."

The theatre was affected to a marked degree by the death of King George VI and the period of mourning which followed. On the days when performances were cancelled, tickets had to be refunded or exchanged.

There were a number of people, generally of the older generation, Williams says, who respected the Court mourning and who did not go to the theatre until the period ended. Williams, in company with other business men whose interests are affected by the death of royalty, compensates himself for such losses by taking out insurance on the life of the sovereign.

Next year's Coronation will also help to compensate the entertainment industry for losses during Court mourning. Williams's firm has been catering for similar events since Queen Victoria came to the throne. The business was originally founded in 1780 by a flute maker named Robert Keith, who ventured into music publishing and was joined by William Prowse.

It Began By Accident

The theatre-ticket business started by accident. About 100 years ago, a city merchant asked the music publishers if they could use their influence to get him a box for the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. The firm could and did. The business was built up by runners who trotted smartly back and forth between office and theatres.

Williams himself started on the musical side of the firm, and spent his first year in Paris with Couesnon and Company, makers of instruments. When he returned to London, he began developing "the touch" by attending first nights in the company of his father and Sidney Redington, a director with fifty-four years' experience. Redington and Williams still attend first nights together, and invariably wear dinner jackets, a fact that causes Williams to purchase dress shirts by the dozen. In recent years, they have usually been accompanied by Mrs. Williams, who is also largely responsible for her husband's nine trips to see *Oklahoma!*

"I would have seen *Oklahoma!* two or three times for business reasons alone," says Williams. "The other six times I went for sentimental reasons. You see, I first met my wife in the lobby of the Drury Lane Theatre soon after *Oklahoma!* opened." THE END

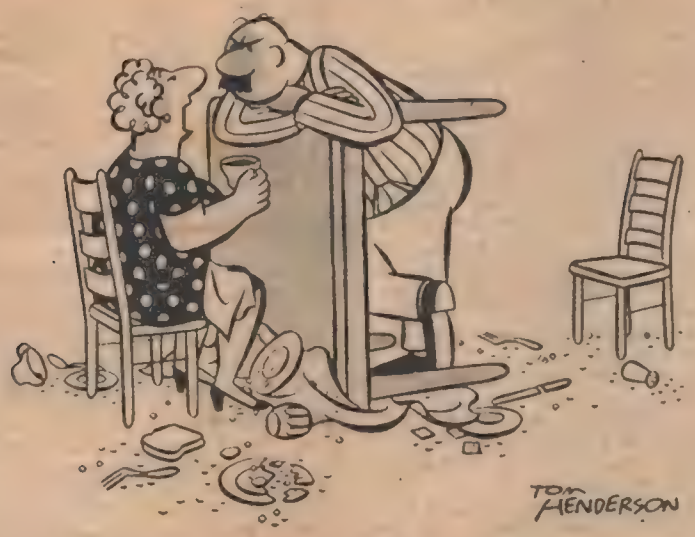
THE HUMAN MACHINE

One job at a time

THERE are two ways of doing any job. You can work with single-minded concentration, or with half your mind on the job and the other half on things outside it—on daydreams, on wishes to be elsewhere.

The latter way is rarely satisfactory. It produces strain, and that turns work into hard labour. Keep your whole mind on the job in hand and you will devote yourself much better to the other things later.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"I think you heard me—I said I bought a new hat today"

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 18

he seemed to crumple up, falling on his knees, his lips emitting a gibbering that was only half intelligible.

I moved a step towards him, peering down at him, trying to see his face, to understand what it was that was scaring him, but he scrambled away from me on his knees like a horribly human land-crab. "Go away! Go away!" He screamed the words out. "Dear God, believe me. I do you no harm."

"Did Peter send you here?" I asked. My voice sounded hoarse and unnatural.

"*Ja, ja.* Peter send me. He tell me you will not rest till all is burned. You kill my father, so I come here to burn this place. I love my father. I do it for him. I swear it. I do it for him."

I did not speak.

"I do not want to hurt anyone," he began again. "I only brought you the letter. I do not hurt you. Please leave me. Please." This last on a choking sob of fear.

I stood there for a moment, staring at this childish hulk of a man who was scared of something that was in his mind and feeling a strange sense of pity for him. At length I put my hand out and touched his shoulder. "It's all right, Max. I'm not Stuart Campbell." I went over to the desk then and relit the lamp. As I set the chimney back and the light brightened, Max got slowly to his feet. His jaw was still slack and his eyes wide. He was breathing heavily. But his expression was changing from fear to anger.

Deep down within me, I felt fear growing. Once I showed it I knew I should be lost. The man had colossal strength. The secret, I knew, was to treat him like an animal—to show no fear and to treat him with kindness and authority.

I found something to eat, and we ate in front of the fire, waiting for the snow to melt in the kettle and the water to boil. The wind moaned in the big chimney and Max sat there, wrapped in a blanket, silent and withdrawn. The kettle boiled and I made the tea. But as we sat drinking it, I suddenly felt the silence becoming tense. I looked up and Max was staring at me.

"Why do you come here?" His voice was a growl. "Peter say you are not to come—you are like Campbell."

I began to talk then, telling him about my grandfather as he appeared to me, how I had come all the way from England, how I was a sick man and not expected to live. And all the time the storm beat against the house. And when silence fell between us again and I sensed the tension growing because his interest was no longer held, I searched around in my mind for something to talk to him about, and suddenly I remembered the *Jungle Books* and I began to tell him the story of Mowgli.

By the time I had told him of the first visit of Shere Khan, I knew I needn't worry any more. He sat enraptured. Maybe it was the first time anybody had ever taken any trouble with him. Certainly I am convinced he had never been told a story before. He listened spellbound, the expression on his face reacting to every mood of the story. And whenever I paused he muttered fiercely: "Go on. Go on."

When at length I came to the end, the tears were streaming down his face. "It is very—beautiful. *Ja,* very beautiful." He nodded his head slowly.

"Better get some rest now, Max," I said. He didn't seem to hear me, but when I repeated it, he shook his head and a worried frown puckered his forehead. "I must go to Come Lucky." He clambered to his feet. "Peter will be angry with me."

"You can't go down till the storm is over," I said.

He crossed to the door. A howl of wind and snow entered the room as he opened it. He stood there for a moment, his body a hulking shadow against the lamplit white of the driven snow. Then he shut the door again and came slowly back to the fire, shaking his head. "No good," he said.

"Do you think it'll last long?"

"Two hours. Two days." He shrugged his shoulders. He was accustomed to the waywardness of the mountains.

"How did you come up here?"

"By the old pony trail."

"Where's your horse?"

"In the stable. He is all right. There is good hay there."

He wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down in front of the fire. I went into the bedroom and got some blankets and stretched myself out. I felt desperately tired. I was worried, too, about Jeff down there alone at the bottom of the hoist.

It was bitterly cold when I awoke. The fire was a dead heap of white ash and a pale glimmer of daylight crept in through the snow-bordered windows. Max was not in the room.

I pulled myself to my feet and stumbled across to the door. It had stopped snowing and I looked out on to a world of white under a grey sky. Footprints led to an open door at the far end of the half-burnt barn. They did not return. "Max!" My voice seemed to lose itself in the infinite stillness. "Max!" I followed the footsteps through deep drifts of new snow to the stable door. The place was empty. The snow was trampled here and the tracks of a horse went out into the driven white of the Kingdom, headed for the cleft.

I went back into the house, rebuilt the fire and got myself some breakfast. The warmth and the food revived me and as soon as I had finished I carried

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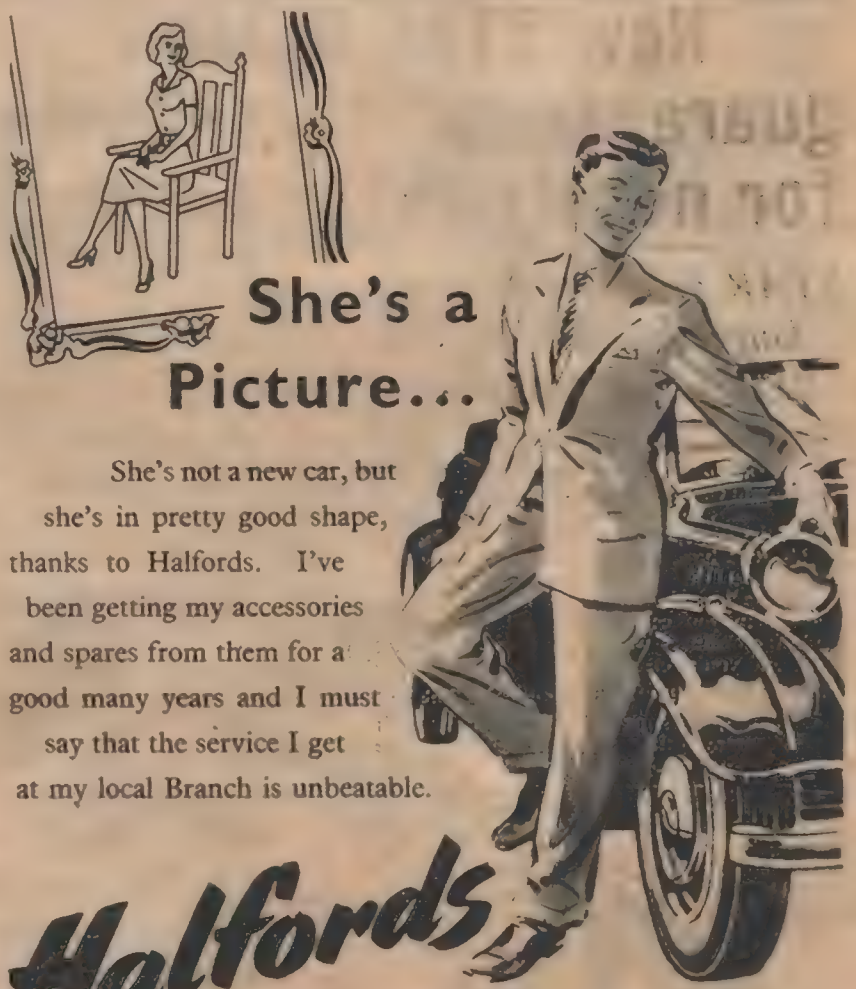
Peter! Get off to your homework!

murphy *radio & television*

CRC 170



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out a quick inspection of the premises. The place was built facing south, the barns spreading out from either side of the house like two arms. Fortunately Bladen's trucks were in the undamaged barn, and it didn't take me long to find the spools containing the recordings of his final survey. I slipped the containers into my pocket and, after getting some food in case Jeff had stayed all night at the foot of the hoist, I set out along the trail Max had blazed.

I was very tired by the time I staggered into the concrete housing of the hoist. I went straight over to the telephone, lifted the receiver and wound the handle.

A voice crackled in my ears. "Hallo! Hallo! Is that you, Bruce?"

"Yes," I said. "Bruce here. Is the hoist working——"

"Thank God you're okay." Jeff Hart's voice sounded thin and far away. "You had us worried stiff. Johnnie's here. He'll come up with the cage. I'm just about all in. What a hell of a night. Okay. She's on her way up now."

I put the phone down. The big cable wheel was clanking monotonously as it turned. I went over to the slit, watching the lip of the cliff. All the valley was white and frozen.

Ten minutes later, the cage dropped into its housing with a solid thud and Johnnie was there, gripping my hand as though I'd returned from the Arctic. "You goldarned crazy fool!" That was all he said and then he went over to the phone and rang for them to take us down. He didn't talk as we dropped through space to the slide and the concrete housing at the foot of it. I think he realized that I was just about at the end of my tether.

The engine of the hoist died away and a man came out of the housing towards us. My vision was blurred and I didn't recognize him. And then, suddenly, I was looking into the angry, black eyes of Peter Trevedian.

"Seems we got to lock our property up out here now," he said in a hard voice. "Next time, let me know when you want to play around and we'll see you got a nursemaid."

"Cut it out, Trevedian. Can't you see he's dead beat?" Johnnie's voice sounded remote, like the surgeon's voice in an operating theatre just before you go under.

I don't remember much about that drive, just the blessed heat of the engine and the trees coming at us in an endless line of white. Then we were at the bunkhouse and Jean was there and several others and they half carried me up to the hotel.

The next thing I knew I was up in my room and my body was sinking into warm oblivion, surrounded by hot-water bottles.

IT was getting dark when I woke. Johnnie was sitting by the window reading a magazine. He looked up as I stirred.

"Feeling better?"

I nodded and sat up. "I feel fine," I said. There was a note of surprise in my voice. I hadn't felt so good for a long time. And I was hungry, too.

He rolled a cigarette, lit it for me and put it in my mouth. "Boy got in today. Wants to see you as soon as you feel okay. He's got an Irishman with him—a drilling contractor, name of Garry Keogh. And your lawyer feller, Acheson, rang through. He's coming up here to see you tomorrow. That's about all the news, I guess. Except that Trevedian's madder'n hell about your going up to the Kingdom. Oh, I nearly forgot." He reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope. "Mac asked me to give you this." He tossed it on to the bed.

It was a long envelope and bulky. It was sealed with wax. I turned it over and saw it was postmarked Calgary. "That'll be Acheson," I said. "Another copy of the deed of sale for the Kingdom. He just doesn't seem able to take 'No' for an answer." I put it on the table beside me. "I'm darned hungry. What's the time?"

"A little after seven."

I had slept for over twelve hours. I got up and had a wash. I was still towelling myself when footsteps sounded on the stairs. It was Boy Bladen and he erupted into the room like a kid bursting with news. The man with him was big and heavy and solid, with a battered face and broken teeth.

"Bruce. This is Garry Keogh." I found my hand engulfed in the rasping grip of a fist that seemed like a chunk of rock. Garry Keogh took off his hat and tossed it on to the chair. His grizzled hair was cut short and he was partly bald. "He says he'll take a chance on it."

I stared at the big rig operator. "Are you serious?"

"And why wouldn't I be." He was Irish, but he spoke slowly, as though words were an unaccustomed commodity. It gave emphasis to everything he said. "Boy's impetuous, but he's no fool. I never met Campbell. I heard he was a crazy bird. But then the story of every strike is the story of men who were thought crazy till they were proved to have staked a mine." He grinned, showing the gaps in his teeth. "My father went to the Yukon in ninety-eight. That's where I was born."

"But I don't own the mineral rights of the Kingdom," I said. "Didn't Boy tell you? They were mortgaged to Roger Fergus by my grandfather's company, and now that he's dead they'll pass to his son."

GARRY KEOGH turned to Boy. "Why the hell didn't you tell me that?"

"But. . . ." Boy was staring at me. "Louis Winnick told me the old man had given you back the mineral rights. The day after you saw Roger Fergus he sent for Louis. He said he'd left him a legacy under his will. He told him about your visit and instructed him that he was to give you all the help you needed—free of any charge. He said it was a condition of the legacy. He wouldn't have done that unless he'd known you were free to go ahead and drill in the Kingdom if you wanted to. You haven't heard from the old man?"

I shook my head.

"You've had no communication from him at all, or from his lawyers?"

"Nothing," I said. "The only mail I've had——" I stopped then and turned to the table beside the bed. I picked up the envelope and split the seal. Inside was a package of documents. The letter attached to them wasn't from Acheson. It was on Bank of Canada notepaper and it read: *On the instructions of our client, Mr Roger Fergus, we are enclosing documents relating to certain mineral rights mortgaged to our client by the Campbell Oil Exploration Company. Cancellation of the mortgage is effective as from the date of this letter and we are instructed to inform you that our client wishes you to know that from henceforth neither he nor his estate will have any claim on these rights and further that any debts outstanding with the company referred to above, for which these documents were held as security, are cancelled. You are requested to sign the enclosed receipt and forward it. . . .*"

I opened out the documents. They

were in respect of "the mineral rights in the territory known generally as Campbell's Kingdom." There followed the necessary map references. I passed them across to Boy. "You were quite right," I said.

Boy read them and passed them to Keogh.

Keogh looked up from the documents.

"Well, the rights are yours," he said. "What do you plan to do, Wetheral—go ahead and drill?"

I said at once: "Yes. If Winnick reports favourably, I'll go ahead—provided I can get the capital."

Keogh fingered his lower lip, his eyes fixed on me. They were narrowed and sharp—not cunning, but speculating.

"Boy mentioned something about your being willing to split fifty-fifty on all profits with those who do the development work."

"That's it," I said. "If we bring in a well before they flood the place."

He nodded abstractedly, stroking his chin. His fingers made a rasping sound against the stubble of his beard. Then suddenly he looked up. "If Winnick's report on that recording tape is optimistic, then you'll go up to the Kingdom, Boy, and do another survey. Okay?" Boy nodded. "If the proposition still looks good, then I'll come up here again and look over the ground." He hesitated, staring down at me. "I'll be frank with you, Wetheral. This is a hell of a gamble. I've made a bit on the last two wildcats I drilled. Otherwise I wouldn't be interested. But I'm still only good for about a couple of months' operating on my own."

He smiled gently to himself. "Funny thing about human nature. Somehow it don't seem able to stop. You own a rig and you think that's fine and before you know where you are you're wanting an interest in an oil well." His smile spread to a deep laugh. "I guess when a man's finished expanding, he's finished living." He turned abruptly to the door. "Come on, Boy. Time we had a drink."

I lit a cigarette and lay back on my bed. Things were beginning to move and I felt oddly scared. I wondered whether I'd have the energy to handle it all. Acheson would be arriving tomorrow. Probably he'd have Henry Fergus with him. Once they knew my intention. . . .

There was a knock at the door and Jean came in. "How's the invalid?" She had a tray of food and she put it down on the table beside me. I began to tuck in hungrily.

JEAN walked over to the window, and stood there, watching me. "It's all over the town that you're going to drill a well up in the Kingdom."

"That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but. . . ." She hesitated. "Bruce. You should have made your plans without anybody here knowing what you were up to."

I looked up from my plate. "I haven't any capital," I said. "And when you haven't any capital you can't plan things in advance."

"If Henry Fergus decides to proceed with the dam you're headed for trouble."

"I know that."

"And if he doesn't, then the people here will be sore and they'll get at you somehow. You're putting yourself in a position where a lot of people would be glad if an accident happened to you."

"And you think it might?"

"After last night, anything could happen." She was leaning forward and there was something almost urgent in her voice. "What made you do such a crazy thing? You're now branded as a fool where mountains are concerned."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"That you're going about this business so clumsily that you're going to get hurt. How do you think you're going to get a drilling rig up to the Kingdom? From now on Trevedian will have a guard on the hoist. He won't even allow your rig to move on the new road. It's on his property and he's every right to stop you from trespassing. Even supposing you did get the rig up there, do you think they'd let it rest at that?" She got to her feet with a quick movement of anger. "You can't fight a man as big as Henry Fergus, and you know it."

"I can try," I said.

She swung round on me. "This isn't the City of London, Bruce. This is the Canadian West. A hundred years ago there was nothing here—no railways, no roads; the Fraser River was only just being opened up. This isn't a lawless country, but it's been opened up by big companies and they've bulldozed their way through small interests. They've had to. Now you come out here from England and start throwing down the gauntlet to a man like Henry Fergus." She turned away to the window. "You're starting something that'll end on a mountain slope somewhere out there."

I had finished my steak and I lit a cigarette. "What do you suggest I do then?"

She turned from the window to face me. "Sell out and go back home," she said with sudden passion.

"That wasn't what you wanted me to do when I first came to see you. You wanted me to fight."

"You were a stranger then."

"What difference does that make?"

"Oh, I don't know." She came and stood over me. Her face had a peculiar sadness. "This happened to me once before," she said in a tired voice. "I don't want it to happen again." She suddenly held out her hand. "Goodbye, Bruce."

She had control of her voice now and it was natural, impersonal. "I'll be gone in the morning. I'm taking a trip down to the coast. It's time I had a change. I've been in Come Lucky too long."

I looked up at her face. It was suddenly older and there was a withdrawn set to her mouth. "You're running out on me," I said.

"No." The word came out with a violence that was unexpected. "I never ran out on anybody in my life—or anything." Her voice trembled. "It's just that I'm tired. I can't. . . ." She stopped there and shrugged her shoulders. "If you come out to Vancouver. . . ." She hesitated and then said: "I'll leave my address with the Garrets."

"Would you really like me more if I threw in my hand because the going looked tough?"

Her hands fluttered uncertainly. "It isn't a question of liking. It's just that I can't stand——" She got hold of herself with a quick intake of breath. "Goodbye, Bruce." Her fingers touched mine. She half bent towards me, a sudden tenderness in her eyes. But then she straightened up and turned quickly to the door. She didn't look round as she went out and I was left with a feeling of emptiness.

I went round to see her in the morning, but she had already left, travelling to Keithley with Max Trevedian and Garry Keogh in the supply truck. She had left a single sheet of paper with a Vancouver address on it, and a small mahogany box for me.

I walked slowly back to the hotel, the little mahogany box clutched under my arm. Johnnie Carstairs and Jeff were just leaving, and I saw them off before I went up to my room. I climbed wearily upstairs, and sat down and opened the box.

THERE was something inside the box wrapped up in a silk scarf. I took it out, still wrapped, and held it in my hand, feeling the hardness of the metal, the old, familiar shape of it. I had stripped one of these from the dead body of an officer of the 21st Panzer Division and I'd carried it in my holster over 2,000 miles of desert warfare.

I unwound the silk scarf and the Luger fell into the palm of my hand as naturally as that other one had done all those years back. My finger curled automatically to the trigger. The black butt of it was notched, as mine had been. I counted seven notches. And above the notches was scratched a name—Paul Morton.

I sat down on the bed, staring at the thing. Paul Morton! Paul Morton was the name of the man who had been my grandfather's partner in the flotation of the Rocky Mountain Oil Exploration Company, the man who had run out on him with all the capital of the company. Could it be the same Morton? I searched quickly in the box, but there was no message, nothing but four spare magazines, all loaded. I wondered how Morton had come to possess a Luger. And I wondered also how Jean Lucas had become the owner of Morton's gun.

There was a knock on the door. I slipped the ugly-looking weapon under my pillow. "Come in."

It was Pauline. "There are two men here asking for you, Bruce."

Acheson! "Tell them I'm coming down right away." I locked the box in one of my grips and slipped the Luger into my hip pocket. The action was quite automatic and I found myself smiling at it as I went downstairs.

I found myself face to face with Henry Fergus and Acheson. "Let's go into the bar," I said. "We can talk there."

Henry Fergus was a tall, spare man with a slight stoop to his shoulders. He had a thin, unemotional face and even out here he managed to retain something of the man of money about him. He came straight to the point. "How much do you want, Wetheral?"

"I'm not selling," I said, and looked at Acheson. "I suppose you've been talking to Trevedian?"

Acheson nodded. "We've just been up to the dam. That's why we came out here. If you're thinking of drilling up in the Kingdom, I have to remind you that you don't own the mineral rights. They were mortgaged to Mr. Fergus's father. Now that he is dead——"

"Just who are you acting for, Acheson," I said. "Me or Fergus?"

His eyes widened slightly at my tone and the florid colouring of his smoothly polished cheeks deepened. "For both of you," he said sharply. "And it's lucky for you that I am, otherwise Mr. Fergus here would never have considered the idea——"

"That's a lie," I said. "Fergus was considering completing the dam over a year ago. It was only because his father insisted on a survey first that construction was postponed until this year." He stared at me, his mouth slightly open. "You're not acting for me, Acheson," I said. "You never have been. You're acting for Fergus here. As for the mineral rights, I suppose you didn't bother to check with the Bank of Canada who has them now?"

"What are you getting at?" Fergus demanded.

FOR answer I pulled out my wallet and handed him the covering letter I had received with the documents. He read it through slowly. Not a muscle of his face moved. Then he passed it across to Acheson. I watched the solicitor's face. He wasn't a poker player like Fergus. "How did you get these?" he demanded angrily. "What yarn did you spin the old man?" He turned to Fergus. "I think we could challenge this. It might be a question of false pretences."

I leaned back. "Now I know where I am," I said. "When you get back to Calgary, Acheson, you will kindly lodge all the documents relating to Stuart Campbell with the Bank of Canada, together with a statement of any actions you have taken regarding his affairs without my knowledge. And I warn you, I'll have the whole thing checked through by a competent and honest lawyer." And then, before he could recover himself, I added: "Now perhaps you'll leave us to discuss this business privately since it no longer concerns you."

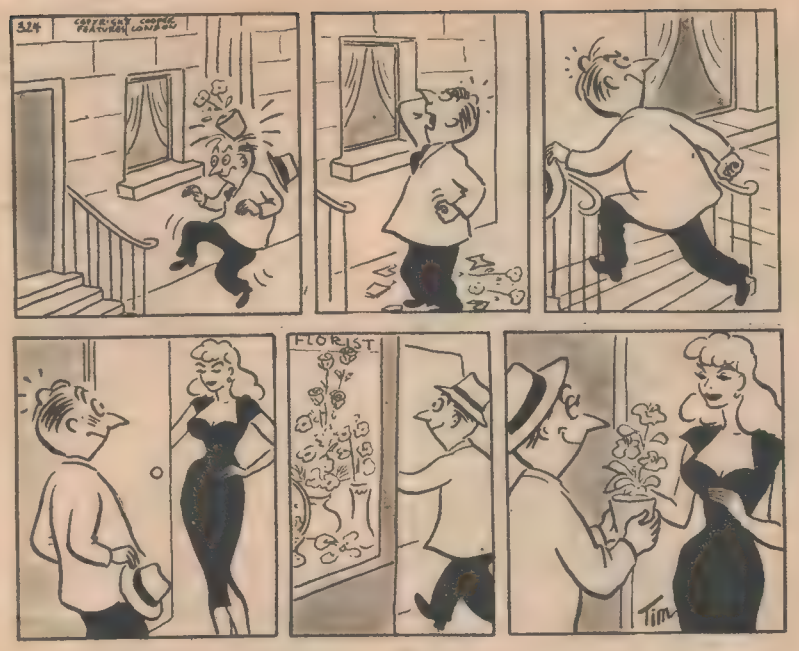
He sat staring at me for a moment, his mouth open, quite speechless. Then he turned to Fergus, who had lit a cigarette and was watching the scene with the detachment of a spectator.

"I think," Fergus said, "Wetheral and I will get on better on our own."

Acheson hesitated, then left us without a word. Fergus watched him go, and then leaned towards me.

"It seems you're a good deal cleverer than Acheson gave you credit for. Suppose we put the cards on the table. In the first place, I must have cheap power. You can take it as quite definite that whatever your attitude I shall go ahead with the completion of the Solomon's Judgment dam and in due course—about five months from now—the Kingdom will be a lake. I have full powers to do this under the legislation passed by the Provincial Parliament in February, 1939. You can either accept my offer, which is 60,000

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



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dollars, or we can go to arbitration."

"Then we go to arbitration," I said. "And if there's oil up there——"

"There's only one way for you to prove there's oil up there," he said, "and that is to drill a well."

I nodded. "That's exactly what I intend to do."

He smiled. "Then you'll have to drill it with a bit and brace, for you won't get a rig up there. I'll see to that. Better face it, Wetheral. The courts won't grant you anything like sixty thousand in compensation."

He got to his feet. "Sixty thousand dollars is a lot of money for a young man like you. It would be a pity to lose it all trying to drill a well. And don't do anything foolish." He nodded to me, still with that thin-lipped smile on his face, and left.

I went to the window and watched the two of them leave and walk down to Trevedian's office. I was still standing there, staring up to the twin peaks of Solomon's Judgment, when old Mac came in. His face was sour and his burr more pronounced than ever as he told me I could no longer stay at the hotel. I didn't argue with him. From the window I could see Trevedian's thick-set figure walking back to the bunk-house, and down by the lake shore a big American car was ploughing through the slush in the direction of Keithley. The gloves were off and I began to pack my things.

Two days later I was in Calgary, and Boy and I heard from Winnick's own lips his report on that last recording we had mailed to him. He was guardedly optimistic. The pulses recorded by the geophones were not clearly defined, but at least there was no evidence of the broken strata referred to in his original report. "All I can say is that it looks like an anti-cline. Before I can tell you anything definite, I'll need to have the results of a dozen or more shots from different points over the same ground."

It wasn't much to go on, but it was enough to confirm our suspicions that there had been substitution of the original recordings. Boy wired Garry Keogh the result and left for Edmonton at once to pick up the rest of his team. He planned to go up to the Kingdom by the pony trail just as soon as he could get through. He would bring the results of the survey out himself. He reckoned it would take about a month. I asked him how he was fixed for money, but he just shrugged his shoulders. "We'll make out, I guess. There's gasoline up in the Kingdom and cans of food. We won't have to pack anything up there, just ourselves. As for wages, I'll look after that."

I stayed on in Calgary. I had a lot to see to. Acheson's office handed over all the documents relating to my grandfather's affairs and by the time I had unravelled the affairs of the Campbell Oil Exploration Company and had got somebody to act for me, a week had passed. At the same time, I did everything I could to make myself familiar with the operation of a drilling rig.

Winnick, a little man with pale eyes and spectacles and a rather sad-looking face, took Roger Fergus's instructions very literally. He gave me every possible assistance. He lent me books. He took me out to dinner at the Petroleum Club, introduced me to oil men, and sent me to have a look over the Turner Valley field. At the end of that week, I really felt that I was beginning to know something about oil.

And at the end of that week the jaded mechanism of my body ran down and I hadn't the strength to crawl out of bed. Winnick came round to see me and sent at once for his doctor.

The doctor, of course, wanted me to go straight into hospital. But I refused. I was afraid once I got inside a hospital I'd never get out. I'd been better in the cold, crisp air of the Rockies. I wanted to get back there. I felt that time was running out and if I was going to die I wanted to die up in the Kingdom. As I lay in my bed in the Palliser Hotel, in a half-coma of inertia, this became almost an obsession with me. I think it was this that pulled me through. I just refused to die down there in Calgary with the level ground of the ranchlands spreading out round me and the dust blowing through the streets.

A week later, very weak and exhausted, I staggered down to Winnick's car and we headed north.

It took us three days to get to Come Lucky, but as soon as I was in the mountains again, I began to feel better. My heart was racing madly, but the air was cool and clear and I was suddenly quite confident that I should get my strength back. The sight of the peaks of Solomon's Judgment against the clear blue of the sky gave me the same feeling that the cliffs of Dover had done when I came back at the end of the war; this was home to me now.

We didn't turn up to the bunkhouse, but continued straight along the lake-shore road to the dark, timbered mouth of Thunder Creek. I had warned Winnick that we might not be allowed to go up by the hoist, but he wasn't convinced. He was Henry Fergus's oil consultant and he'd known him since they were kids together. He thought that would be enough.

But it didn't work out that way. About a mile up the creek, where the road cut back into the mountainside to bridge a torrent, we were stopped by a heavy timber gate supported by a tall post like the corral gates around Calgary. There was a log hut with an iron chimney that sent a drift of wood smoke through the trees. A man came out of it as we drew up and through the open doorway I saw a rifle propped against a wooden bench. "Can I see your pass?" The man was short and stocky and he was chewing gum.

I certainly hadn't expected precautions as elaborate as this and my companion was equally surprised. "My name's Winnick," he said. "I'm a friend of Henry Fergus."

"I don't know any Henry Fergus," the man replied. "I take my orders from Trevedian and he says you got to have a pass if you want to go on up to the camp."

"Who's in charge up at the camp?"

"Fellow named Butler, but that won't help you, mister. You got to have a pass signed by Trevedian, an' he's down at Come Lucky. You'll find him at the company's office."

Winnick didn't say anything for a moment. At length he put the car in gear, turned her and headed back down the valley. "Seems you were right after all. We'll have to find Trevedian."

"You won't get a pass out of him," I said.

"Of course I will," he said.

We were running out of the timber and the lake lay blue in the sunshine and the whole hillside above it glistened with water from the melted snow so that the shacks of Come Lucky were like dilapidated houseboats plunging down the glittering cascade of a fall. He swung the car up towards Come Lucky and stopped at Trevedian's office. "You wait here," he said.

He was gone about ten minutes and when he came out his mouth was set in a tight line. "We'll have to ride up," he said. "Do you know where we can get horses and a guide?"

"No," I said. "Unless. . . ." I paused, looking up to the line of shacks that marked the single street of Come Lucky. Then I climbed out of the car. "Wait for me. There's just one person who might help us."

"Who's that?"

I didn't answer. It was such a slender chance. But if we didn't get horses here it would mean going back to Keithley and starting out from there.

Max Trevedian lived alone in his father's deserted old house. A wisp of smoke came from the stone chimney. Even now, though it was falling into ruins, it had an air of solidity about it. The stables and barns were of split pine, but the house itself was built of stone. Nothing stirred inside the house as I knocked on the front door. I knocked again. Boots sounded on bare boards. Then the door was flung open and Max Trevedian stood there, staring at me, his fool mouth agape.

"Hello, Max," I said, and smiled. I looked into his eyes like into a child's. "Will you take me up to the Kingdom, Max?"

He stared at me and shook his head slowly. "Peter does not wish you to go to the Kingdom. I must not go there again."

"Max," I said, "I am your friend. I understand you. I like you. I've got to get up to the Kingdom. It's very urgent, Max." He looked at me dully. I said desperately: "Campbell will never rest, Max, until I do what I've got to do up there."

I saw his mouth open, but I didn't give him the chance to speak. I turned to the door. "Meet us at the entrance to Thunder Valley in half an hour," I said. "I'll need two saddle horses. I've a big oil man with me. You needn't worry about your brother. He can't harm you." I paused, my hand on the door. "If you don't do this for me, Max, may the dead ghost of Stuart Campbell haunt you to your dying day."

Half an hour later, we were on the trail. . . .

Shortly after noon, we came out above the timber line. The black gash of Thunder Creek cleaved the mountains below us, and all around white peaks glimmered in the azure sky. Little rock plants, saxifrages mostly, thrust up among the stones and there was a warm, invigorating smell about the mountainside. Ahead, the peaks of Solomon's Judgment stood guard over the gateway to the Kingdom, and gradually, as we moved along the mountainside, climbing steadily, the position of these peaks changed until one was almost screened by the other and ahead of us rose the rock-strewn slopes of the saddle that swept up to the northern peak.

The sun was low in the sky as we crossed the saddle and saw the bowl of the Kingdom at our feet. There was little snow now. It was green; a lovely, fresh, emerald green, and through it water ran in silver threads. I could see Campbell's ranch-house away to the right, and towards the dam, two trucks stood motionless, connected to the ranch-house by the tracks their tyres had made through the new grasses. I was tired and exhausted, but a great peace seemed to have descended upon me. I was back in the Kingdom, clear of cities and the threat of a hospital. I was back in God's own air, in the cool beauty of the mountains.

I turned to Max. "We can find our way down from here," I said. I held out my hand to him. "Thank you for bringing us." He didn't move. He sat motionless, staring down into the bowl of the Kingdom. "You rebuild the house," he said.

I nodded.

He looked at the peak rising above us. "Perhaps they are together—my father and Campbell." He turned to me. "You think there is some place we go when we die?"

"Of course," I said.

He was silent for a while. "Tell Campbell I have done what you ask." He clapped his heels to his horse's flanks and turned back the way he had come, trailing the pack horse behind him.

"What about the horses?" I called to him.

"Keep them till you return to Come Lucky," he shouted back. "The grass is good for them now."

The mountain crests were flushed with the sunset as we rode into Campbell's Kingdom, and from the end of the wheel tracks where the trucks were parked came the sharp crack of an explosion as Boy fired another shot and recorded the sound wave on his geophones. The echo of that shot rang like a salvo of welcome through the mountains as we slid from our saddles by the door of the partly burned barn.

I stood there, hanging on to the leather of my stirrup, staring out across the new grass of the Kingdom. Early crocuses were springing up in the carpet of green. The air was still and clear and cold. I was too weak with exhaustion to stand on my own and yet I was strangely content. Winnick helped me into the house and I sank down on to the bed that my grandfather had used for so many years.

Lying there, staring at the rafters that he had hewn from the timbered slopes above us, the world of men and cities seemed remote and rather unreal. And as I slid into a half-coma of sleep, I knew that I wouldn't be going back, that this was my kingdom now.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

"Little Nell scolding Father" was the title my father gave this picture of myself, aged four. "Little Nell" was his pet name for me.

The most exciting thing that happened to me around this time was when the steamer in which we were going to Europe was involved in a collision. My father stood in a boat below me, and I was dangling over the side to be dropped in his arms. I was terrified and shrieking, and clung to those who were to drop me. Finally I was safe in the boat and we were taken back to New York.

I was prevailed upon to try the steamer again about a year later, and this time landed safely in Italy. We went to Sorrento and I was given a donkey and a donkey boy. I was very sensitive to physical suffering, and quite overcome by the fact that my donkey boy's feet were always cut and bleeding.

On one occasion we returned with the boy on the donkey, and I was running along beside him, my explanation being that his feet bled too much!

In Germany, we often went to the cafés, and the older people drank steins of beer with the delicious-looking foam on top. I saw little German children drinking it, too. I begged my father to let me have a small mug. He agreed, but added: "Remember, if you have it, you'll have to drink the whole glass."

When I took my first taste, instead of something sweet and delicious, I found I had something very bitter which I could hardly swallow. I was a disillusioned and disappointed child, but I had to finish the glass. Never since then have I cared for beer.

Today she is a famous educator, public woman and widow. For her name, turn to page 31

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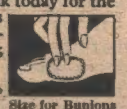
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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FAREWELL TO A VILLAGE

Continued from page 13

plaintive voice. "I've been very busy all day long."

But Mrs. Town already had the door open for him to leave.

"It was the tea shop over the bridge said you'd fix me up," said Johnny, desperately.

The next second he got the idea that steam was going to come rushing out of Mrs. Town's ears. "Her!" cried Mrs. Town. "That Whittle woman. That daisy! What she wants to do is mind her own business. Only she can't. Come on now. We're closed."

Johnny went back over the bridge. There was a kind of small village green with a notice board stuck in the middle of it. He stopped and looked at it. There was nothing about food on it. No cafés, no snack bars, no transport pull-ups.

Johnny moved on. At the end of the village green he found a little post office. Closed, of course. There were postcards in the window. Six-pence each. They can keep 'em! Johnny thought. Though it was a very nice village, on postcards.

Then he came to the Lion. A pub—and it was open! In went Johnny.

A FEW customers were talking in a corner. They soon stopped. Johnny bought a pint and stayed at the counter. The landlord made him think of Sweeney Todd in an old film.

"Quiet tonight," he said, to make conversation.

The landlord picked up a swab cloth, looked at it, slapped it down on the counter. "This village stinks!" he said under his breath.

"Like that?" said Johnny.

"Like that," said the landlord. "I was a mug. Only it *looks* the sort of place you'd like to settle in."

"Got anything to eat?" said Johnny. "Anything at all will do."

The landlord looked at him. "Haven't got a thing," he said. "Only beer." So Johnny had another.

The talk in the corner began again, this time in whispers. Johnny, putting back his pint, heard one little snatch. "There'd be fun if 'is missus knew where he was on Pancake Day!" That made them laugh. "Thatchin' Top Barn!" said somebody. That made them laugh louder.

After a while, Johnny thought he'd get back to the garage.

He went back up the loop to the arterial. The garage man seemed to have lost his temper.

"This is going to take a hell of a time," he said.

"It'll all be on the bill," said Johnny.

He stared at some crumbs at the side of the van. They hadn't been there before. Oh, well. . . . He sat down on an upturned box, and suddenly thought he'd like to let the village know what he thought of it. A column in the parish magazine maybe. He'd ask some funny little questions that would make them talk about each other and hate each other for weeks. He could see the first one with his eyes shut.

"Who says this village stinks?"

He got up off the upturned box and walked to the end of the garage. He found an old showcard and a pencil and wrote out very neatly in block letters:

THIS VILLAGE STINKS!

Who says the fat woman is a mean old so-and-so who won't do anything for anybody?

Who says the thin woman is a daisy and can't mind her own business?

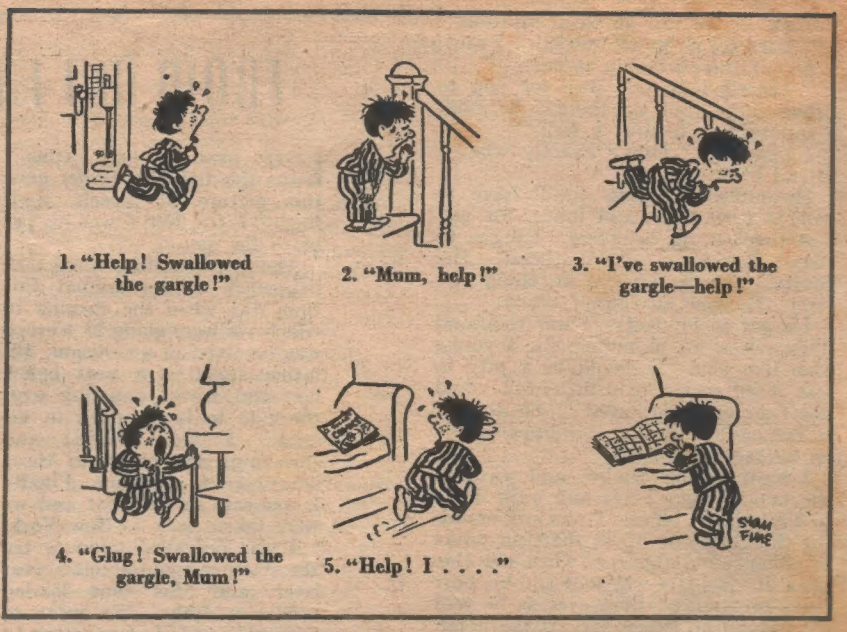
Who says there'd be fun if somebody's missus knew where he was on Pancake Day?

But he tired of it and went back to the van.

"How long?" he asked the garage man.

"Couple of hours!" the garage man snapped.

Johnny went along the arterial, the other way this time. He found the other end of the loop and sat down in the grass. The last thing he wanted was a second look at the pretty little village. He leant back on one elbow. The sun was down and the sky was beginning to darken.



Suddenly Johnny was startled to hear an unexpected sound. He sat up quickly. It was a sob or it was nothing.

He looked about and found a boy faced down under a hedge. He was a young boy. Might have been twelve.

"What's biting you, son?" said Johnny.

The boy looked up, surprised to see somebody there. Johnny had made no sound, walking on the grass; he sat down at the boy's side.

"Do you live down in the village?" Johnny asked.

The boy nodded.

Johnny said, "Don't let it worry you, son." And then he saw the mark on the boy's arm. It was a pretty nasty mark.

"What's that?" said Johnny.

The boy pulled his sleeve down.

Johnny had quite a way with him when he tried. Hating the pretty village as he did, he tried now. It wasn't the sort of story he expected that he got out of the boy.

The boy was a rural accident. He wanted to write books when he grew up!

His father wanted him to be a farmer's boy. "They" had always been farmer's boys. But the boy read and read when he ought to have dug and dug. He even *wrote* when nobody was looking. Nobody knew, except the school teacher. He was the school teacher's favourite. That made him hated by the other children in the village. They liked to get him alone, twenty to one.

Johnny had a good look at him. He was thin and had big dreamy eyes. Johnny reckoned that anybody who saw a farmer *there* was a ruddy fool.

Uncertainly, the boy pulled a roll of paper from his pocket.

"I did that," he said shyly.

Johnny read it. It was a little story about a boy whose only friend was a scarecrow in a field. The little boy used to talk to the scarecrow. The scarecrow was about the only one who could understand what he was talking about. It seemed a funny sort of a story to Johnny, but he didn't let the boy see. "Now, that *is* a story," he said when he finished it.

Suddenly the boy seemed the happiest boy in the world. He talked excitedly, and Johnny listened. He talked until it was nearly dark and the church clock was striking nine. The boy jumped up.

"I'll have to go now," he said.

"So will I," said Johnny. "And—I say! Those stories. You keep pegging away. You'll surprise 'em one of these days. I'll be buying books with your name on 'em yet."

"Thank you very much," said the boy. "Good night, sir."

"Good night," said Johnny. Sir! That had never happened to him before.

Johnny stayed where he was for a while. One by one the lights in the cottages went out until you couldn't see the village at all. Johnny got up and went back to the garage. "Not through yet?" he said.

"Five minutes," said the garage man.

Johnny strolled to the back of the garage and found the old showcard again. He picked up the pencil.

P.S., he wrote. *The boy's worth the lot of you. Watch your step or one day he'll put you in a book.*

Then he went back to block letters: *WHO SAYS THIS VILLAGE STINKS? I DO. GOOD-BYE, VILLAGE. STINK ON!*

This time he put the card in his pocket.

After an argument about the bill that pretty well became a row, he turned away from the garage man and climbed into the van. He backed it out on the arterial, with its nose the way he had come.

"You're going the wrong way," said the garage man. "You're going back."

"You've said it!" Johnny called down.

He went back on the arterial and nosed in to the loop. Then he switched off the engine and coasted down to the sort of village green. Then he pulled the handbrake. The moon was just coming up over some trees. There wasn't a sound. Johnny thought there had never been a village so fast asleep.

He climbed down from the van and pulled the card from his pocket. He could just make out the words in the moonlight. Reading them made him grin.

In the tool box he found a hammer and one or two odd tacks. He went across to the notice board and nailed the card on it. It gave him much satisfaction.

He put the hammer back and climbed into the van. He started the engine. Then he pressed a little switch on the dash and put his mouth close to the mike.

"Wake up!" he said.

It wasn't much more than a whisper going into the mike. But it came out of the loudspeakers on top of the van like a hundred bulls yelling.

"Wake Up!"

Johnny looked round for results. Lights began to pop up in windows. The village sprang to life. It sprang out of bed. It was very angry, also very puzzled.

"Look on the notice board!" Johnny said quietly into the mike.

"Look On The Notice Board!" the loudspeakers roared.

Just past the Lion, Johnny slowed and looked back. There were already a dozen of them padding across the green. One was in a nightshirt. He carried a gun.

"It's been nice knowing you," Johnny said to himself as he accelerated.

Three miles along the arterial he thought: Pity I couldn't have got some of those postcards. Just to remind me. Don't suppose I shall be this way again.

THE END

MY SECRET MISSION FOR HITLER

Continued from page 11

to increase the effectiveness of surprise in our attack. As we passed through the town, we would try to avoid any incident, even a single rifle shot. To make sure that the troops guarding the Duce should not be warned of our landing, I detailed men to cut all telephone lines leading from the villa and the neighbouring buildings.

As soon as we had neutralized the 150 men who defended the house, I was to get the Duce aboard a motor ship. Meanwhile, an S.S. detachment would have taken over the boom that guarded the exit of the port.

Only one point really worried me. Below the Villa Weber were several barracks housing 200 Italian naval cadets. I needed solid cover on this. Also, two Italian Navy seaplanes and a white-striped sea-rescue plane were moored close to the shore. The first two must be put out of action by small detachments, in order to prevent them from pursuing us.

At dawn on August 26, the motor ships left the harbour of Anzio and, after a rough passage, reached Santa Maddalena. Meanwhile, I once more studied the map of the Villa Weber and the adjacent ground. Young Warger had done a neat job; everything was marked with perfect precision. . . . And yet I could not ward off a sensation of uncertainty, as was always the case when an important task was performed by somebody else without my checking up.

Tommy-gunners On Guard

I decided to undertake one last check. Warger accompanied me. Scarcely had we reached the villa before I discovered a telephone wire which Warger had failed to mark on his map. I flew into a violent rage: it was just such trifles which could bring about failure.

A double guard of Carabinieri marched up and down the road. Another guard, armed with tommy-guns, was at the gate. Unfortunately, a high wall prevented our seeing into the garden. As we had taken the precaution of disguising ourselves as German sailors and of carrying a large basket filled with dirty linen, no one paid any attention to us. We were bound for a neighbouring house situated somewhat higher than the villa; from here we hoped to scan the approaches. On the way we met one of the Carabinieri guards, and using young Warger as an interpreter, I began to chat with the Italian, and led the conversation round to Mussolini.

At first this subject did not seem to interest the soldier; but he became excited when I asserted that Mussolini was dead. I egged him on by saying that I had had the details from a doctor. Then he blurted out: "No, no, signore, impossible! I myself saw the Duce this morning. I was one of the men who escorted him on board the white-striped plane in which he left here."

The Bird Had Flown

It was a terrific surprise.

The fellow spoke with assurance, and his story bore the hallmark of truth. Besides, I remembered now: the white-striped sea-rescue plane had disappeared. I had noticed this, but at the time I had attached no importance to it. I had also been surprised to observe several Carabinieri taking things easy on the villa terrace.

Obviously the bird had flown.

It was lucky that we made this discovery in the nick of time. We should have been in a fine mess if we had launched the whole operation the following day. Now everything had to be cancelled. We were almost back where we had started.

NEXT WEEK: Our glider swoop on to Mussolini's mountain prison

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 29 is of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as a child.

BE QUICK for OUR PARTY IN GLORIOUS DEVON!

"A HOLIDAY to remember for the rest of our lives . . . the beauty of the Devonshire scenery is indescribable!" declared Mr. F. Northwood (Hastings) last year. With his wife he was among JOHN BULL's twenty guests in the 1951 *Bullets* Holiday Party at Torquay.

You still have just time to join this summer's party at Torquay, for our *final* double invitations accompany this week's chief *Bullets* cheques.

Remember, too, that on your *Bullets* holiday even clouds can have a silver lining; if you enjoy less than thirty hours of sunshine during your seaside week, you qualify to share the £100 offered under JOHN BULL's novel "Sunshine Guarantee."

With £500 in your pocket, plus a prize holiday for two made ideal by Torquay's gift of free concerts, deck-chairs, tennis, putting, bowls and dancing, what more could you wish for? But *wishing* won't win—the one way is to post your *Bullets* on coupon below by Monday, June 30.

PRIZES value over £1,000 THIS WEEK

£500 FIRST PRIZE, £50 SECOND, £25 THIRD —EACH PLUS TORQUAY WEEK for TWO

Free entertainments galore await you (and your companion) with *Bullets* Holiday Party at TORQUAY. Free rail travel and comfortable hotel accommodation provided by JOHN BULL through Cook's.

(Cash offer in lieu to winners unable to join the Torquay Party—Saturday, August 30, to Saturday, September 6.)

£100 SUNSHINE GUARANTEE

For full details of this unique Guarantee for *Bullets* Holiday winners see this week's *Bulletin*.

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

OTHER PRIZES: £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 of 10s., 1,500 "Good Shots"

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Britain At Work
Better Days
Wise Nation
For Peace Of Mind
Map Of Europe
Once They Were Friends, But
Poor Mr. Rich Man
Life In The Country
Store Of Knowledge
To Stop The Gangster
Be A Sport And
Sniffed At
Starry-eyed Idealist
In Fame's Limelight
The Boss's Holiday
Happy Marriage
Enough Is Enough, So
Scenting Trouble
Hurt
Grandpa's Waterloo

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

In The.....Of Germany
For The ..... People
Easy On The.....
Broke His.....
Change For The.....
.....We Forgot

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,840 (or Xword 792) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 19, and in JOHN BULL dated July 26), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"Bullets" Winners 1,835

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus "Brighter Home" Award: A. Eke, "Kalena," Westbury Street, Elland, Yorks:

Paying Dividends *Still*, My First Money-box

£50: Miss F. Bailey, 30 Birch Terrace, Hr. Baxenden: HELPS STALIN—*You* "WANTING THE EARTH."

£25: Miss A. Swift, 4 Colliery Road, Sheffield: THE GREAT GOD, GOLD—BARS WAY TO—"ELDORADO."

OTHER AWARDS. £10: Mrs. W. L. M. Davis, High Street, Earith, Hunts: WHAT A DAY WHEN—SOMETHING "EXPLODES" INSIDE *Ivan*! £10: Mrs. J. Dicks, 25 Winstonian Road, Cheltenham: KING BABY—"PURPLE" *Unless* HE "RULES"! £5: D. Bedaysee, 10 Killieser Avenue, London, S.W.2: OASIS IN THE DESERT—IS WORLD, IN UNIVERSE? £5: S. Coulton, 27 Bradford Street, Bulwell: MAN WITH A PLAN—TUNNELLING TOWARDS "SEAVIEW'S" PANTRY! £5: A. G. Hemmings, "Malvern," Treviscoe, St. Austell: WE ELIZABETHANS—VENTURESOME, GIVEN SOME VENTURE. £5: Miss M. Smart, c/o Harrison, 10 Hurn Way, Christchurch: WENT BUMP IN THE NIGHT—SONNY'S RESOLUTION—RE-LIT NIGHT-LIGHT! £5: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: WENT BUMP IN THE NIGHT—HIRAM'S WALLET—ROUSED HOTEL!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RIVIERA HOLIDAYS in next week's JOHN BULL!

FINE SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **Xword 792**

1. Exchange may be a feature of this
3. Elector who doesn't care this whether he votes or not has little cause to grumble about candidate who's elected
7. Is rarely as good at the end of long run
8. These are often of the nature of mud
9. They bring in money
12. This at the seaside is often sufficient to recall many memories
13. We in this country worry little about the Argentine's

Down Clues

1. In very many places you'll find holidaymakers packing these
2. Such food is often wasted in connection with wedding celebration
4. In great many cases, they do not operate in a direct way
5. Gardener should take certain amount of care when lawn is to be this
6. Fine one occasionally spoils the view
9. Batsman may be somewhat unnerved by way bowler does this
10. One kind helps in production of music
11. One's inclined to think of this as heavy

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS

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XWORD 787 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Food. 6, Lower. 8, Banker. 11, Soup. 13, Jest. 14, Sadly. 15, Bar, Gar, Par or Sar. DOWN: 2, Owl. 3, Drub. 4, Books. 5, Beers. 7, Bets. 9, Hole. 10, Hatter. 12, Foggy.

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 12.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1 B	A		T	E	2 R	■	3	O	4 T
A	S	■	O	M	I	T	■	N	A
	■	5	■	■	C	A	6 R	E	X
7 S	H	O		■		■		■	
■	S	W	■	■	■	8	I	E	S
9 B	A	N		S	■	■	N	R	■
	■	■	■	E	10 B	B	■	A	11 L
W	H	I	P	C	O	R	D	■	
L	■	R	A	■	■	■	S	P	A
12 S		E	L	L	792	13	O	O	D

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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